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TWO NEW DEPARTMENTS

The Moving Pictures

THE moving picture is here to stay. There can be no question as to that or of the vast popularity of this new form of entertainment.

Being a successful institution beyond doubt, the film drama deserves adequate representation and full recognition in our columns.

From time to time the THEATRE MAGAZINE has published articles decrying the product of the screen. Editorially our policy has been to oppose rather than encourage the film drama because we saw or thought we saw in it a growing menace to the spoken drama which, of course, must forever remain the fountain head of the stage proper.

But during the past two years there has been a marked improvement in the pictures shown. No longer are they crude melodrama, or slap stick farce hurriedly thrown together. The big manufacturers are devoting exhaustless energy and limitless millions to develop this wonderful art and the result has been some truly remarkable pictures the interest and artistic merit of which cannot be questioned or ignored.

Today, some of our best known players are leaving the legitimate stage to devote their talents henceforth exclusively to the screen. Every day the pictures are developing and bringing to the front new talent which but for the silent drama might never have been discovered.

We bow to the inevitable. Many readers have requested us to have a department devoted to the movies. We are happy to grant that request.

Beginning with the September issue this new addition to our reading columns will still further enhance the popularity of the THEATRE MAGAZINE among its thousands of readers.

How a Man Should Dress

WHEN anyone speaks of a man as being a Beau Brummel it brings to one's mind memories of a more picturesque, more leisurely age than today.

To be a Beau Brummel a man must be known not only for his exquisite taste in dress, but also for his elegance in speech and manners. He need not be foolishly foppish or extravagant, but he must know how to select his clothes and how to wear them. One false note and the entire picture is spoiled.

To guard our male readers against any such false step, we have asked Beau Nash, the one well-known authority on men's fashions, to tell us each month what is the proper thing in male attire. He will tell you what to wear, when to wear it, and why it is worn.

We feel sure that this new department will be a welcome addition to the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

THE PUBLISHERS

Superior Tire Resiliency

You put pneumatic tires on your automobile for a similar reason that rope fenders are hung about the sides of those powerful little bantams of the river—tug boats,

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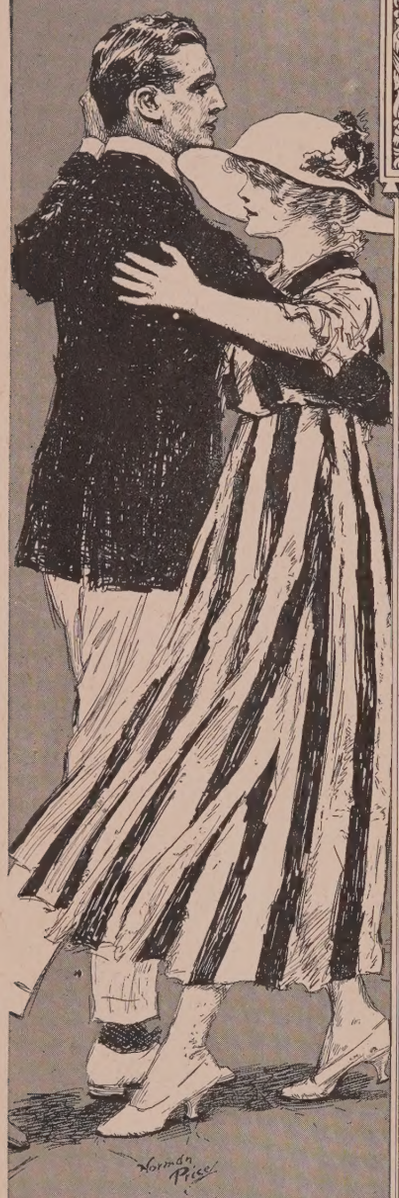

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Victor Supremacy

THE THEATRE

JULY, 1917

IF you've been sitting around on the porch of your fashionable hotel without the faintest glimmer of an idea to start a conversation, if you fear you are fast fading away from ennui—then it's time for you to read THE THEATRE MAGAZINE and see what's in store for you.

Get acquainted with the news of the theatre, and start all your friends on that most fascinating of topics—the stage.

FAME and money don't usually walk hand in hand.

Most often they take different roads.

But not so on the stage.

After Lotta had climbed to the top rung of the ladder of stage success, she discovered that she was one of the richest women in the world.

Maude Adams turns her popularity into half a million a year—some little income, what?

In an article in the August THEATRE, Helen Ten Broeck will tell you about the players who have been lucky enough to win both fame and fortune in the game of the theatre.

Just so you won't miss it, let us whisper to you that the story is called "Stage Money."

SOMEONE is always taking the joy out of life."

This time it is Maxwell Parry, director of the Indianapolis Little Theatre.

When everyone was convinced that the coffers of the little theatres throughout the country were overflowing with nuggets, when the wiseacres loudly proclaimed that the financial as well as the artistic success of the tiny playhouses were assured, along he comes with his article, "The Magnificent Failure of the Little Theatres" and throws a damper on it all.

Of course, we didn't have to accept the story and disillusionize all our friends. But our "nothing but the truth" policy demanded that it appear in the August number.

And there it is!

If you want an eye-opener on the Little Theatre situation, read it! It's just another example to prove that the truth will out.

VOL. XXVI No. 197

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER
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ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor

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THERE is no actor more loved or more lovable than David Warfield.

Perhaps no better tribute can be paid to his sympathetic, mellow art than to say that no one ever leaves a Warfield performance without tear-stained eyes. His tender emotion stirs even the most hardened.

In the next issue, the "Music Master" will recount his reminiscences. And what a host of amusing stories he has to tell! With a stage career extending over thirty years, during which he met numerous theatrical notabilities, no wonder his recollections read like a series of interesting incidents.

IF you are a woman and delight in pretty frocks, wouldn't you like it said of you as it is of the players when they make their stage entrance:

"Isn't she ravishing?"

You bet you do!

Then just follow our directions.

Watch the "Footlight Fashions" department in the next issue. See what the stars are wearing! This time of the year they are particularly brilliant in their summer finery. Read what they have to say about smart clothes and accessories?

Then all you have to do is to adopt the advice and wait for the compliments.

THE screen has made legitimate actors sit up and take notice.

For the first time they are able to see themselves as others have seen them.

In at least one sense Bobbie Burns' old wish has come true.

In the August number, Edwin Carty Ranck will show in his article, "Seeing Themselves as Others See Them," how the screen has benefitted players who have realized their deficiencies and mannerisms by watching themselves on the screen.

Praise be Allah that the much-maligned movies have done some good.

AND now it becomes our painful duty to advise you to subscribe.

Otherwise how can you be assured of this bully August issue, crammed full of up-to-the-minute news and photographs?

And surely you wouldn't want to miss it. It's a treat!

Better subscribe NOW. $3.50 a year.

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ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

MARIE DORO

Who, after a series of screen triumphs, is planning to return next season to the legitimate stage

THE THEATRE

WHY WE PREFER TO WRITE COMEDY

By FREDERIC & FANNY HATTON

CO-AUTHORS "YEARS OF DISCRETION," "THE GREAT LOVER," "UPSTAIRS AND DOWN," ETC.

WE often are asked why we confine our efforts to the writing of comedy. Serious persons with propaganda in the corners of their eyes, souls yearning for the thrilling clashes of melodrama and owners of dramatic rights to farcical short stories frequently attempt to lure us into other theatrical pathways.

The answer we give is that comedy is our forte. To it we shall cling so long as a manager or playhouse remains receptive. We have an abiding faith in comedy, feeling that it is the sanest, realest and most convincing form of dramatic representation. Likewise it is the most exacting for to be successful it must portray everyday things.

The writer of tragedy may deal with profundities hidden far down in the souls of gods and men—things very remote from the diurnal experience of those who go down into the city of mornings and return thence of evenings. The melodramatist is allowed to run amuck among the verities, being asked only to provide situations that are enthralling and character dominating. The writer of farce may go to the absurdest lengths to ensnare the ultimate guffaw.

But in comedy you are dealing with men and manners. Situation is a secondary matter. The character rules. Everyday manifestations of heart and mind and habit as they come into conflict with similiar expressions from other individuals are the stuff of which comedy is made.

The writer of comedy is always being pinned down to actualities. Mrs. X. has known just the people you are putting through characteristic paces; Mrs. Y. rather believes that you are portraying Mrs. X. and her set; Mrs. Z. inclines to the opinion that you are hitting at Mrs. Y. Meanwhile the critics who are too busy to know much about life say: "Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, people don't do such things." However, we make it our business to know all sorts of people in various social strata and we have yet to write about individuals whose life and environment are not thoroughly familiar to us.

CRITICS are not very clear in their minds as to what comedy is and the public is even less so. No two reviewers give you the same definition of comedy. Managerial use of the term has led the public to believe that a play billed as a comedy is something serious—what the picture folk call a "drama." In filmland a comedy is really the most outrageous sort of farce—outrageous even beyond Mr. Granville Barker—and its components are innumerable pies, insurgent seltzer bottles, traps, falls, Los Angeles hues and cries and all the absurd nonsense handed down by graduates of the London music halls.

We cling to the notion, somewhat orthodox, that comedy is a realistic stage study of the soul, mind and manners of man with a more or less pleasing ending. A more serious handling of exactly the same materials with a gradual tightening of situation until a character is goaded into an unhappy outbreak gives you tragedy.

America has not been prolific of writers of comedy. Perhaps it is because our much advertised sense of humor is, after all, merely a sense of farce. That we have a sense of humor as the French and Irish have, or for that matter the English have, is much to be doubted.

Our humorous tradition is farcical, a tradition that several thousand newspapers nail down a little harder each day with their so-called "funny" pages. Outside of two or three cities there is little understanding in America of wit in drama.

The popularity of Wilde and Shaw, however, has left a distinct impress on our metropolitan theatre-goers and certainly the audience for comedy is widening in New York and Chicago. This has been emphasized in the variant receptions of Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea" in the original production by Mrs. Fiske several years ago and that by Miss Grace George last season. Mr. Mitchell was told, in the earlier instance, that "people don't do such things." Later the critics had caught up with him, hailing him as the writer of the "best American comedy in years." The rise of Miss Kummer, also, is helping to confirm in the minds of reviewers the fact that comedy has its place in the sun.

THE truth is that comedy is irresistible when it is well written and well played. It carries so pungent a suggestion of reality; its characters seem so like people we have known or could know, its illusion is so complete, that an audience succumbs to it completely.

Comedy conquers so successfully because it so little suggests attack. The audience is trapped by its quiet method, by its very untheatricalness. In short, the yielding is to a well-organized, well presented expression of life. And life is the theatre's greatest fascination. The playhouse will live because it remains the sole instrument for giving us the color and sound as well as the form and movement of life. Comedy, well done, is immovable fact meeting irresistible interest.

So comedy brackets our interest in life. We see all things within its enclosure. We know no other view of things. We write comedy because we can write nothing else.

Many people ask us if it is possible for two individuals to see life through a similar comedy viewpoint. Our answer is that we do see it this way. We also have a superstitious feeling that we are unlucky in single effort and we both find an added joy and stimulus in working shoulder to shoulder. Actually, however, our writing is done face to face, for we sit opposite each other across the tableland of a big flat-topped desk.

Our recipe for comedy somewhat suggests the famous one for jugged hare in Mrs. Marshall's English Cook Book. "First catch your hare," was the direction. Our initial and most considerable labor is to hunt down an idea. Once it is caught we find it comparatively easy sailing. If the idea is vital and dynamic enough a plot quickly follows. Dialogue is the least of our troubles.

Once the basic idea is firmly in our grasp we talk over plot and then build frame-work until we feel that we have a good working foundation. The acts are then sub-divided off into the various scenes. One Hatton takes a scene, writes it and tosses it over to the other Hatton to be criticized and reworked. Then we piece these little scenes together into an act and so on into a play. We are particularly blessed in that we write easily and evenly together. We never seem to disagree over our work and our styles are so similar that it is almost impossible to tell where one stops and the other begins. In fact we, ourselves, often forget which of us has written a certain scene or bit of dialogue, wondering, when the play has been finished, who is responsible for it.

We are told that most co-authors quarrel and argue. We don't. We like to work together and neither of us has the slightest desire to write a play alone. Our writing usually is done at night and goes on very steadily when it once starts. When the base of the play is laid down and the scenes planned the lines seem to come of themselves. Construction is much more difficult for us than dialogue.

We usually do three drafts of a play, making no further changes until we get into rehearsal where, of course, it is reworked again. We are not at all sensitive about cuts or changes in a manuscript. We have never known the line or scene that was valuable before 8:30 o'clock or after 11 o'clock. A play must be cut down to run within that working time.

AS a rule we are more willing to make cuts than our stage directors. We often sit and watch the first few performances of one of our comedies, saying to each other ominously as a scene drags, "Out! Out!"

Only one of us likes rehearsals, we shan't say which one, and one of us is quicker at rewrite than the other. But these little peculiarities are state secrets and we are not telling on each other. To us one of the most amusing sides to our collaboration is that no one, not even our most intimate friends, ever speaks of us singly, but always of us collectively as "the Hattons," though the critics have been known to write a variety of adjectives to insert into this compact designation. For we have been scolded quite as often as we have been praised. But we have grown to be philosophical. At all events we are never in the alarming position of the single author, who must bear the crushing brunt of failure or the equally amazing impact of success, alone. Whatever comes we face it together, and the pain thus is minimized and the pleasure magnified.

And what comes or goes we steadfastly adhere to the belief that there is no medium comparable to comedy in the matter of putting over grim truth to the contemplation of an audience.

WHAT "STOCK" MEANS TO THE AMERICAN DRAMA

By OLIVER MOROSCO

ON the opening night of a 1916 production two theatrical managers stood in the lobby during an intermission.

"Who's the girl playing lead?" one of them asked. "New, isn't she?"

"Yes—never heard of her before—they say she came out of stock."

"They" were correct. The girl had come out of stock, and in twenty-four hours established herself as a Broadway favorite. When the play which had introduced her to New York City left for the road the new leading lady remained behind to play another part, which she did with such success that the critics hailed her as a candidate for the honor of one of America's leading actresses.

The girl was Fay Bainter. When four or five years old she was playing in stock under my direction and she has played in stock continuously for nearly twenty years, until she stepped from obscurity to make good—with her stock training!

One good answer to what stock means to the American stage is Laurette Taylor, who became famous over night with her "Peg." Miss Taylor had been advancing up the ladder of success, a rung at a time, for several years before "Peg," and the foundation that held the ladder at the bottom was stock. Week after week she had learned a different bill to please Seattle audiences, and her various parts were as a weaver's wool for the finished performances she was to give later. Blanche Bates and Maxine Elliott were both members of a stock company under T. Daniel Frawley's direction at the old Columbia Theatre in San Francisco. Frances Starr is another of our famous actresses who is a graduate of San Francisco stock.

ASK Jane Cowl what she thinks of stock and she will tell you that after she made her first great success in "The Gamblers," she went over to Hoboken and played stock for several months. Julia Arthur had some of her best training with the old A. M. Palmer Stock Company in the '90's. Laura Hope Crews and Dorothy Donnelly both had their best training with the Murray Hill Stock Company. Leonore Ulrich was playing stock when having heard there was an exceptionally clever but unknown leading woman with a stock company in Schenectady, I sent someone up there to observe her work and an engagement followed—the chance to follow Laurette Taylor in "The Bird of Paradise." Grace Valentine is another graduate of the stock company. Robert Edeson has played stock, so has Helen Ware, and if you consider the training given by the Empire Stock Company—which did not, however, change its bill every week—one might say that the majority of our dramatic stars of to-day have served their time in stock ranks.

Many stars have come out of stock, but even more important is the long list of excellent supporting actors on their way to stardom. Byron Beasley and Lewis Stone were both stock actors. Charles Ruggles first played juvenile rôles and then leads before he came to New York, with "Help Wanted." Later followed his success, "The Country Boy" and he has established himself as a great favorite in "Canary Cottage." Edmund Lowe, who is playing the younger brother in "The Brat," played in the Los Angeles Stock Company for three years and displayed great talent from his earliest performances—talent which was quickly developed and made him worthy of a Broadway hearing.

It is not Broadway alone that benefits by stock companies. To the dwellers of the smaller cities the stock companies mean a chance to see the plays that have proven successful not long after they have been played on Broadway, and to see them played in a capable manner. The road companies that are sent out by the managers do not play in many of the smaller cities of the Middle West and New England, and even if they do the psychology of the one night stand is that it does not attract as does the favorite player who acts the part for the entire week.

THEN, too, the prices demanded by the management of the traveling companies are far in advance of the prices asked by the stock companies. In the majority of towns stock prices are fifty and seventy-five cents for the night performance with bargain matinées that may run as low as fifteen cents, but generally run thirty-five and fifty cents.

In the average small city the stock theatre will net about five hundred dollars a performance, or $4,000 a week. This, of course, is when there are only two matinées a week. In larger places where there are daily matinées, and larger houses, the sum goes higher, while in some cities stock profits run to $7,000 or even $8,000 a week growth.

To offset this income there are two great expenses, the royalties and the salaries. The royalties run anywhere from $75 a week for some old play that never had a New York hearing to $500 a week for late releases. One feature of stock is that plays which are only mildly received on Broadway, go well in stock. "Mile a Minute Kendall," released this spring, was not a great success when just produced but is a great favorite in stock companies.

The salary list varies, of course, with the class of people engaged. It is a very poor company that does not pay the leading woman $100 a week, and most permanent stock companies pay from $150 to $250 a week. The leading man—unless he is the star, gets from $75 to $150 a week, his salary being less because he has not the heavy wardrobe expense. The rest of the company receives smaller salaries, $25, for some of the less important members. $40 and $50 for the character actors, and the juvenile people.

The director of the company, who generally plays, is usually a high-salaried man, and on his ability depends the training that the young actor or actress receives.

Rehearsals are held every morning, and generally Sunday afternoon. Playing a variety of parts, alternating one week with a comedy, the next with a drama, the stock actor or actress, with a good director, soon becomes proficient in the type of work most suited to their talent. There is, of course, the danger of becoming mechanical but the actor or actress who has real acting ability never allows this quality to spoil.

IT is the daily work and its variety that send so many of our younger players into stock companies as soon as they finish a season with a Broadway or road production. A young woman who had played ingénue parts in two New York City productions announced that she was going into stock.

"Into stock?" one of her friends asked, in about the same tone as if the girl had announced that she was going to dye her hair green.

"Yes, why not?"

The friend shrugged her shoulders.

"Well you see," the girl explained, "I have spent two seasons playing ingénue parts, and I could easily get another part for next year, but after two or three years I would be getting too old for such parts, and work would be harder to get. Now if I go with a stock company and play second women and leads I will be able to say that I have had a great deal of varied experience and so get steady work."

If there were more young people, or even more stars, who realized the necessity for a variety of parts to their experience, fewer of our stars would be looking for plays, and finally getting to the point where they will take any type of work.

The stock company is truly the salvation of the theatrical world. Not only does the manager draw from their ranks for new performers, but the older and more established members of the profession go constantly back to stock to keep trim. Broadway with its demand for type rôles is killing the art of the actor, for it allows no way open for developing along every type of character. There are really very few great players of to-day who have not served their apprenticeship in some stock company.

Stock, under proper direction, and there are many competent directors, is the finest institution in the world for turning out real talent. Stock gives an actor repose. It gives him assurance. It teaches him to play any kind of a part—all dialects—all characterizations. Without the stock training of the past, and the present, we would not have half of the high standing that our theatre can boast to-day, and for the very good reason that we would not be able to have sufficient real talent. Give me the actor, man or woman, who has had his training in a good stock company! Vaudeville has done much for the drama but more for the musical comedy.

A FEW years ago the New York manager, the writer, and the public, rather belittled the usual stock actor. You don't hear so many comments of that type to-day. It is true, however that one can stay in stock too long. I advise against this.

Too long a schooling tends to make an actor mechanical. He or she under too long training is apt to fall into stilted ways, but if they serve, under good direction, say for from three to five years according to age when they start, and if they show the right quality in stock, they are usually fitted for bigger things.

There are a great many talented actors and actresses who have always been associated with stock work. Others have played on Broadway, made good but have preferred the more sure work that stock can offer. As a stock star one is almost sure of at least forty weeks a year, often more (something that cannot be said for Broadway), and work is never hard to get. The salaries are good and once one becomes accustomed to the people in the company it is not hard to play a different part every week.

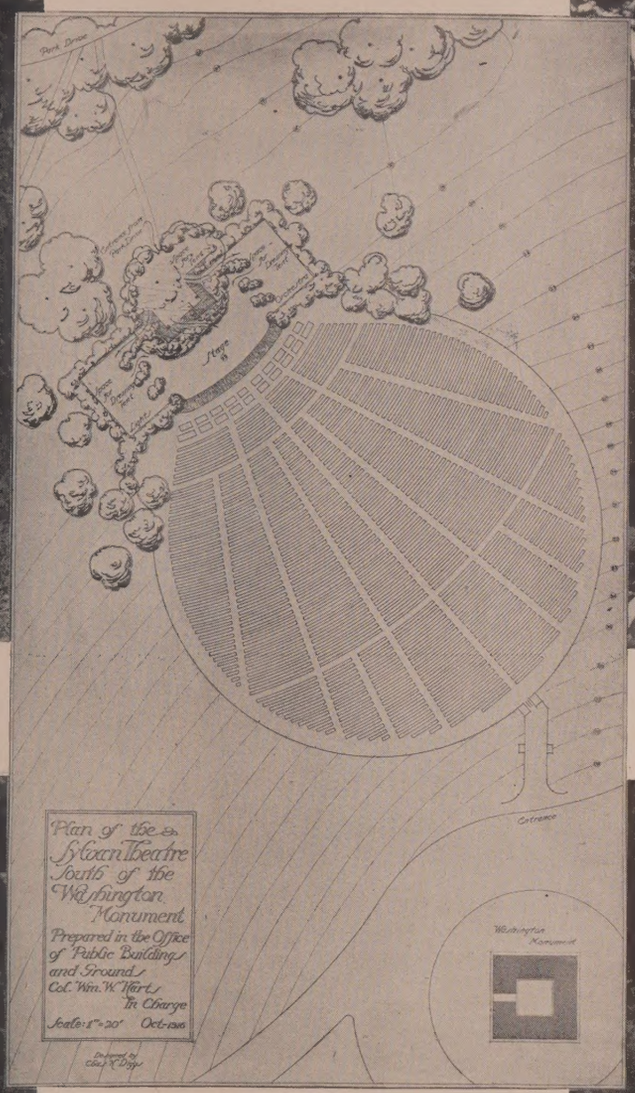
The stock company means real life to the American drama, it takes the place of the Municipal Theatres of Europe and provides not only an initial training school, but a means for the successful actor or actress to refresh themselves in their work.

Clinedinst

FLORENCE FLEMING NOYES' RHYTHMIC DANCERS IN A SCENE FROM "THE DAWN OF THE DRAMA"

G. V. Buck

MRS. FRANCIS ALTON CONNOLLY
Who appeared in the mediaeval scene with her wolfhound, Krassai


Plan of the Sylvan Theatre South of the Washington Monument
Prepared in the Office of Public Buildings and Grounds
Col. Wm. W. Wurtz In Charge
Scale: 1" = 20'
Oct. 1916

© G. V. Buck

SOPHIE BRASLAU
Of the Metropolitan Opera singing an air from "Orfeo"

G. V. Buck

TAMAKI MIURA
The Japanese prima donna singing a selection from "Madama Butterfly"

The National Sylvan Theatre, the first ever constructed and managed by the United States government was formally dedicated to the public in Washington on June 2nd last. The President and Mrs. Wilson and all official Washington headed the crowd of some five or six thousand spectators that gathered to witness the opening performance.

The program included a Masque entitled, "The Drama Triumphant," written by Mrs. Christian Hemmick to whose energetic initiative the success of the Sylvan Theatre is due, Henry E. Dixey in a recitation, a tabloid version of "The Taming of the Shrew," Florence Fleming Noyes and pupils in rhythmic dances, Sophie Braslau in an air from "Orfeo," while James K. Hackett appeared as composer of three patriotic selections.

The theatre is beautifully situated in the natural bowl in the Washington Monument Grounds, and provides an auditorium admirably suited to the production of masques and pageants. As no seats are allowed to be sold, it affords a truly democratic centre of amusement.

© G. V. Buck

JAMES K. HACKETT
Directing the U. S. Marine Band in songs of his own composition

AMERICA'S FIRST NATIONAL THEATRE OPENS IN WASHINGTON

TAKING CHARLIE SERIOUSLY

By MILDRED CRAM

I BEG to differ with the philosopher, George Jean Nathan, and all the other gentlemen of his profession who refuse to take the movies seriously. Here is a new art—provoking, uneven, for the most part inexpertly handled, which occupies the whole proscenium arch of the public's stage. It is undeniably a dramatic art. And yet the critics obstinately refuse to take it seriously. They take it either lugubriously, snobbishly or with howls of derision. The philosopher who strolled through the Rothapfel orchard recently, striking at decayed plums with his critical cane, left some excellent fruit hanging on the branches.

There are ridiculous, deplorable and inferior things on the legitimate stage. To me the lurid machinations of "The Man Who Came Back" were just as absurd and equally nauseating as the latest Bushman melodrama, "The Great Secret." I have never seen a Marguerite Clarke screen concoction more sugared, more cloying, more altogether damnable than "Pollyanna" or "The Cinderella Man."

Out of a great deal of good and a tremendous amount of bad, on both screen and stage, there finally sifts the rare seed of art. And for the life of me, I can't see why one isn't as important and as precious as the other. The screen has helped the stage by making the Belasco realities—growing trees, running Croton water-falls, sunsets and live parrots—pitifully inadequate. The screen has the whole sky and the whole world—the drift of clouds and the pulse of the earth—for its realities. The stage has fallen back on the stark simplicity of Palludio's settings, and is catering again to the imagination. The screen has helped the stage, besides, by discrediting the ghastly ineffectiveness of the so-called restrained school of acting, that slovenly method of simulating emotion by the lazy expedient of displaying no emotion at all.

I repeat with venom and with conviction—there is *art* in the movies. It is a dramatic art which has baffled the artifice of actresses like Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Emily Stevens and Viola Allen, who failed utterly in spite of their intelligence and their magnetism to accomplish what Mary Pickford, who is an unskilled actress behind the footlight, accomplished unerringly and deliciously before the camera. Tree, Maude, Faversham, Sothern and Daly, to name only a few of the stage "stars" who have acted on the screen, all failed to "register," which in movie parlance, means that they obtained no dramatic effect whatever. Their shadow selves ogled and grimaced, writhed and languished, strutted and wept, and no one was impressed and no one was moved.

Other stage "stars," more or less expert and facile, have conquered the screen technique. But it is a fact that some of the most successful work before the camera has been done by actors and actresses, trained in the new school, who never trod the boards of the legitimate stage and who would undoubtedly fail miserably if they ever did so. Dorothy Donnelly, who contrived to throw us into shiverings of horror and pity in "Madame X," made a screen version of her rôle that was too dreadful to be even funny. You snatched your hat and left before you had had two reels of the detestable potage. When E. H. Sothern played in the movie rehash of his great success, "An Enemy of the King," all of his delicate humor and his fine distinction were lost. His leading woman, Edith Storey, who has always played for the camera, contrived to act her whole rôle in just the romantic key Sothern missed. She was distinguished; she had all the brave and vivid boyishness of Renan; she recreated the

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, MARY PICKFORD AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN
Three of the most popular stars of the screen

school of fifteen or twenty years ago, and with fine humor or excellent courtesy, threw herself into Sothern's period. If this is not the fugitive and underestimated art of the movies, what is it?

AMONG other contradictions, more or less illuminating; professional fun-makers like Sam Bernard, Raymond Hitchcock and Eddie Foy are about as funny on the screen as Robert Mantell in "King Lear." They are, to be exact, lugubrious. Even custard pies, folding beds and ribald waistcoats fail to make them humorous. On the other hand, John Barrymore, the tragic Barrymore of "Justice," is the funniest man, with a single exception, on the screen. His humor is not the wide-smile, boyish, cock-sure, Americano brand (the Douglas Fairbank's variety) but a very thoughtful, purposeful art, delicate, well-considered and valuable. Mix impishness, tenderness and charm with the whimsical and you have the Barrymore secret. He takes his fun with a sober face, a wondering, wide-eyed, almost silly-ass manner and sprinkles every reel with delicious originality. He has the screen technique at his finger-tips. If it isn't art, I ask again, what on earth is it?

And why can an unheard-of actor like Harry Morey wring tears out of every movie audience who witnesses the crass sentimentality of "Whom the Gods Destroy," when Forbes-Robertson, in the screen "Hamlet" could not dim a lash with even a furtive tear? Forbes-Robertson is a great artist. Is Morey, who has the trick of displaying the living spirit in the fluent expressiveness of his pantomime, any the less great? He makes us cry, and if that isn't art—But I repeat myself like a litany!

Moving pictures have to do without the magic of the living voice, the magnetism of the living flesh. But the camera catches every quiver of an emotional face and no matter how fugitive or intangible the quiver is, registers it unerringly. It is there for good, for better or for worse. Unsoftened by skipping spotlights, without the mysterious barrier of the footlights, unhallowed by distance, the human face on the screen has to bear the burden of the play. There is no voice, no allurement of physical presence, no color. You see the eyes, the mouth, the teeth, the muscular action of cheeks and throat with startling, unbeautiful clearness. Obviously, the situation calls for a new dramatic art. And for critics....

Mr. Nathan, in his cane-swishing stroll through the new dramatic orchard, missed some rare plums. Raymond Hatton for one. D'you remember him in Lasky's "Girl of the Golden West"? He led a sheriff's posse astray on a false trail, and when he had baffled them enough for his purpose, he rode over the edge of a cliff. He fell clear of his horse and bounced, slid, rode head over heels into a pile of rocks and tangled brush. Any other actor would have died on the spot with as many down-stage writhings as possible. Not Hatton. He gasped for a cigarette paper, made one weak and jaunty effort to get it to his mouth and died in the middle of the gesture with a sigh and an almost imperceptible shrug. D'you remember him in "Joan the Woman," as the King? He is lewd and pitiful; there is fear behind his debauchery and wavering beneath his cruelty. With an absent-minded, almost unconscious gesture, he shows the despairing depths of dissipation.... There is Mary Pickford for another, who can be as arch and devilish as Henrietta Crosman and as excruciatingly funny as Lillie Gish. She has a whole hat-full of emotional tricks, little quaintnesses, pert originalities, gusts of gaiety and storms of real tears.... There are Hayakawa, the subtle and expressive Japanese; Theodore Roberts, a master of broad pantomime; Frank Keenan, the equine Mr. Hart, Charles Day, the talented Peters (whom we may acquit of the potted-palm habit), Walthall, Nazimova, Mae Marsh.... Last of all, I pluck the largest, rarest, best plum of all. I aim it at Mr. Nathan's critical head. I await the deluge.

Charlie Chaplin!

He is only twenty-six years and he has made the world laugh. He has kicked the bearded saint out of children's hearts with one side-splitting, backward kick. He has plastered Kris with a custard pie. Santa is demodé. For what are reindeers and a fat, naive old gentleman to a contortionist, a clown, an idiot and an artist all in one? You can't keep Charlie out of your cook's Friday afternoons or your children's nursery. He will get in, wooly head, cane, feet, dogs' eyes, derby and all.... You have grown used to calling him an "expensive little bounder." Your children, with ecstatic giggles, call him "Charlie." So do the soldiers in the European trenches. And your servants. And probably your best friends, whom you never suspected. You see, he is one of the great men of the earth, for he has a nickname. K. of K., Bobs, Teddy, Old To-morrow, Papa Joffre, and Charlie!

He is the world clown, the delicious mountebank, the lovable rogue. He has taken the place of Pierrot, Arlecchino of the Commedia, Punch, Puck and the marionettes and mimes of Gautier's

Photos © U. and U.
Miss Eugenie Mae Ladenburg, daughter of Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg of New York, selling flowers

Miss Barbara Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, selling balloons

Miss Geraldine Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham, selling U. S. fans

Miss Mimi Scott, a hard worker for the Festa

Miss Elizabeth Thompson at the Russian Booth

Misses Kitty and Dolly Kimbell selling souvenirs

A flare of rich and brilliant color challenged passersby on lower Fifth Avenue between June 4th and 12th. It was as though bits of Florence and Venice had taken flight from war-scourged Europe and paused for rest and heartsease a block above Washington Square. But there was a hint of Paris, too, in the Alley Festa, given in aid of the Red Cross. The hint was strongest in Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's studio which was converted into a miniature Ritz. Here dinner was served by Delmonico for five dollars and tea for a dollar, in a balcony roofed with green foliage, or a sumptuous refectory hung with devil colors, glowing red and murky magenta. In the eight day festa in MacDougall Alley society again showed the stage how to do it, as it can when it tries. Society represented by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., had the aid of the stage in Mrs. Charles Dillingham, once an actress, who with Mrs. Vanderbilt, comprised the entertainment committee. The stage lent piquant personal aid, as in the case, notably, of Frances Starr, who was a popular usher; Mary Lawton, who recited war poems every day; Marie Dressler, who contributed vast hilarity, and Elsie Janis' agility and facility in the MacDougall Alley Theatre.

SOCIETY HELPS MAKE THE MACDOUGALL ALLEY FESTA A SUCCESS

day. He is vulgar. So was Puck—who had a raucous voice, a senile cackle, an obscene hoot—so was Puck vulgar! Puck was an imp and a torment who tripped up old ladies, removed stools from under sitting bumpkins, curdled milk and upset cider jugs. This was coarse wit, even if it *was* Old English. Arlecchino was devilish in a sinuous, flashing, seductive way. Pierrot mixed tears with his idiocy and twisted his mouth into a grimace that was both a laugh and a sob. And the marionettes and mimes, who knew the great secret of the theatre, put the grotesque into love, sacrifice and heroism and with their unreality tickled the sluggish mind to the fanciful.... Charlie inherited his bag of tricks from the first comedian who cavorted behind a false face in the marble theatres of ancient Greece. For there is nothing new under the sun; not even in the theatre! Charlie's comic recipe is a mad mixture of legend and "pep," pantomime and idiocy, the most cunning artifice and the most guileless art.

Go into a theatre when a Chaplin film is being shown, and without looking at the screen, listen to the audience. You can hear them in the street, you can hear them in the lobby. Go in. You will find a darkened room, a pool of people all straining their eyes up at a flickering square of light. And they shriek with mirth. They hoot. They rock. They wipe the joyful tears out of their eyes and roar. They hold their sides and scream. Their laughter comes in bursts as if they were possessed of insane pleasure. They stamp on the floor and pound each other on the back. It is hilarious. You catch a glimpse of your cook, transported. In the front row you spy your doctor, actually enjoying himself. And there are all your children (who should have been in the park) laughing like hyenas....

The shadow in the flickering square of light is "Charlie." The man who casts it is a little English Jew. He could be a Hindu or a Mongolian and still make us laugh if he were—what he is. He wears shoes that are four times too large and walks with the excruciating, painful, flat-footed mince of a third-class waiter. His feet hurt; the arch is broken, the soles are tender—he manoeuvres to never lay them flat, even when he is running, but puts them down tenderly, with a wince. Pain, then, is the foundation for his idiocy. He swaddles his thin legs in baggy trousers and buttons his flat chest into a tight coat. Other clowns have done that. He puts a battered little derby atop his mop of curly hair. Other clowns have done that, too, and have pasted a moustache on their upper lip. But Charlie begins where other clowns leave off. He was either shrewd or inspired (*Concluded on page* 54)

THE EXTEMPORANEOUS LINE

By WILL ROGERS

THE question that every guy asked who used to come to interview me was: "Did you really come from out West?" I got so tired of hearing it that I used to tell them: "No, I'm from New Jersey, but don't you tell anybody." The next question invariably would be: "How did you get on the stage?" Say, anything can get on the stage. Its keeping them off that's hard. A fellow can be the champion soup eater and if he can locate a manager that will set him up behind a bowl, and tell him to go to it—if he can keep the audience amused and the soup holds out—why he's on the stage.

Of late all I am asked is: "Who writes your stuff and where do you get it?" And the surprising answer it: The newspapers write it! All I do is to get all the papers I can carry and then read all that is going on and try to figure out the main things that the audience have just read, and talk on that. I have found out two things. One is that the more up-to-date a subject is the more credit you are given for talking on it, even if you really haven't anything very funny. But if it is an old subject, your gags must be funny to get over.

The first thing is the remark you make must be founded on facts. You can exaggerate and make it ridiculous, but it must have the plain facts in it. Then you will hear the audience say: "Well, that's pretty near right."

Lots of good subjects have been in the papers for days and I can't think of a thing on them. Some of the best things come to me when I am out on the stage. I figure out the few subjects that I will touch on and always have a few gags on each one, but the thing I go out to say may fall flat, and some other gag I just happen to put in out there goes great. For instance, here is an example! "Mr. Edison is perfecting a submarine destroyer. Well they say he only sleeps three or four hours out of the twenty-four. That gives him plenty of time to invent"— That was only a little laugh, but I used it to show the audience that I had read about the invention which had only been announced that day. It happened that at this time New York cafés were closed at one o'clock so I casually added to the remark my sudden thought: "Suppose Mr. Edison lived in New York and Mayor Mitchel made him go to bed at one o'clock; where would our invention come from? And that was a big laugh.

This illustrates my work. I have to have my idea, all extemporaneous speakers do—but my laugh comes quickly and apparently out of nowhere.

Another thing I read, was that submarines could not operate in the warm Gulf Stream—so I said: "If we can only heat the ocean we will have them licked." That didn't get much of a laugh and I was kinda stuck—but I happened to add, "Of course, that is only a rough idea. I haven't worked it out yet." This last went big and covered up the other.

I was talking of the income tax and how hard it hit our girls in the show, and just happened to mention, "A lot of them have figured out it would be cheaper to lay off."

I start in on a subject and if it is no good then I have to switch quick and lots of times when I come off of the stage I have done an entirely different act from what I intended when I went on. Sometimes an audience is not so good and my stuff that night may not be very good, so it is then you see the old ropes commence to do something. It gets their mind off the bum stuff I am telling and as I often say to the folks in the show, I reach away back in my hip pocket and dig up a sure fine gag, as I always try to save some of my best gags—just like a prohibition State man will his last drink.

White

WILL ROGERS
"The man with the rope"

In the two and a half years I have been with Mr. Ziegfeld in his Follies and Midnight Frolic where we play to a great many repeaters, I have never done the same act any two nights. I have always changed parts of it and in the Frolics a great many times I have done an entirely new act.

Another thing, I think I do the shortest act of any monologue man and that recommends it. On the Amsterdam Roof I never do over six minutes and in the Follies nine or ten, generally eight.

Picking out and talking about distinguished people in the audience I use quite a little, but never unless I know them personally and know that they will take a joke as it is meant. The late Diamond Jim Brady I always spoke of, as I knew him and he always seemed to take an interest in my little act. Once at a big banquet Mr. Brady recited a little poem which he had written himself. I learned the piece and shortly afterwards one night when he was in the audience I did his poem. This made a great hit with Mr. Brady. My best one on him was: "I always get to go to all the first nights, yes I do. I go with Mr. Brady. He sits in the first row and I stand at the back and if any body cops a diamond I am supposed to rope 'em before they get away with it." He was certainly a wonderfully fine man.

On opening night of the New Midnight Frolic, Lieut. Vernon Castle had just returned from France and was then with Mrs. Castle. Vernon and I had played polo together and he is a regular fellow. I walked over to them, shook hands and said: "Here is one old Tango Bird that has made good," and then I told about how Fred Stone and I got Vernon on a bucking horse once and that was where he got his idea of aviating. I said: "Vernon we worried about you when you were out there at the front, but not half as much as we worried about Irene in the pictures. Boy you don't know what war is, you should see what you wife has been giving them in 'Patria.'"

From a portrait by Alfred C. Johnston

A N N P E N N I N G T O N

A favorite, popular on both stage and screen. One of the most successful exponents of the Hula dance, she is now equally up-to-the-minute in her latest photoplay, "The Little Boy Scout"

EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

NO. 6. THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

A LARGE part of the history of early American drama is a large part of the history of the Philadelphia stage. The pre-Revolutionary group of playwrights shows Thomas Godfrey, Francis Hopkinson, John Leacock, and J. N. Barker hailing from the city of Philadelphia. The fact is that three John Leacock's were coroners of the town, and this plethora of Leacocks has kept students from determining definitely which one of the Leacocks wrote the play, "The Fall of British Tyranny."

At no period, however, was Philadelphia more prolific in her contribution of dramatists, than when Edwin Forrest was eagerly seeking, because of his dominant Americanism, for native material to suit his peculiar powers. Some have said that Edwin Forrest, the actor, should be considered the father of American drama, instead of Dunlap. Though the latter wrote more plays than Forrest ever encouraged, it is certain that had it not been for the actor, nine dramas of variable merit would never have seen the light—plays which were brought to notoriety through the power of acting distinctive of the period.

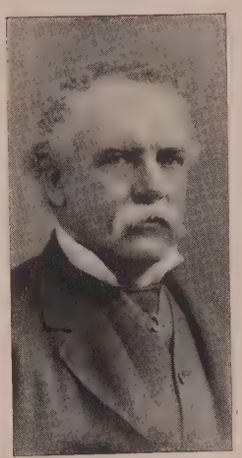
ROBERT M. BIRD
A physician and writer of many popular novels and plays

Of the nine prize plays which stand to the credit of Edwin Forrest, two of them were written by John Augustus Stone (1801-1834). There were "Metamora; or, The Last of the Wampanoags," and "The Ancient Briton," both of them of heroic proportions. In fact, by all the accounts that exist of "Metamora," we are made to realize how absorbing was the personality of Forrest, who could wring from the most perfervid dialogue a most wonderful humanity. This Indian play was Forrest's distinctive rôle, and from the night it was first produced in 1829, he kept it in his repertory for all occasions. Curiously the manuscript of the play cannot at the present be located; occasional speeches alone are measure of the spirit of the whole. But it would be a significent document for the student of American drama, if it were discovered.

As for the author, Stone, he was born in Philadelphia, and was an actor of average excellence. He was the author of a number of other dramas, one among them, "The Knight of the Golden Fleece," having been brought to fame by the Yankee impersonator, Hill. Poor Stone, in a fit of mental depression, drowned himself in the Schuylkill River, and as evidence of those strange promptings of Forrest's heart which punctuated his life, the actor erected a monument to the memory of the creator of "Metamora."

The truth is that Forrest never did anything that was expected of him, except act well on all occasions. He was an erratic genius, and nothing was more erratic than his Americanism. It was this spirit in him which brought on the Astor Place riots; it was this spirit which made him snap his fingers in the face of the genial comedian, John Gilbert; and it was the same temper, aroused because of personal grievance, which made him horsewhip the dramatist and general *litterateur,* Nathaniel P. Willis, as the latter was walking on Fifth Avenue, near Ninth Street, in New York. He was independent, and this tone of independence prompted him in his letters which announced the offering of prizes for plays, sums amounting to five hundred and a thousand dollars at a time.

He was seriously interested in a National Drama; he was also intent on getting rôles for himself. When he championed a drama, he was extravagant in his praise. A letter brought to



GEORGE H. BOKER
Author of "Francesca da Rimini"

light among material recently acquired by the University of Pennsylvania is example of this. Writing to Bird, he said: "'The Broker of Bogata' (by Bird) will live when our vile trunks are rotten." (See *The Old Penn Weekly Review,* March 18, 1916.) Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird (1805-1854) was an intimate friend of his, and together they travelled in 1831, the actor finding congenial companion in the culture of the Philadelphia physician. Bird was the writer of many popular novels, among them "Sheppard Lee" and "Nick of the Woods," afterwards turned by another dramatist into a popular play. Forrest appeared in Bird's "The Gladiator" (Sept. 26, 1831), replacing another Bird drama "Pelopidas," which had been written likewise for him. To the present generation, this Roman piece has been made familiar through the acting of John McCullough and Robert Downing. But the fame of it is the fame of Forrest in the part. Being an authority on South American history, it would have been strange if Dr. Bird had escaped using the tropics as a background for drama. "Oralloosa," produced by Forrest in 1832, was Peruvian and Spanish in its spirit, while "The Broker of Bogata" (1834), the only one of Bird's plays thus far published, maintains likewise the same Spanish atmosphere. All of these dramas were awarded prizes by Forrest, who was constantly urging Bird to compete for them. It is a satisfaction for the American student to learn that the Bird manuscripts are now, through the courteous consent of the dramatist's grandson, who is connected with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, to be made available in printed form. Though one can usually measure the power of a play by the fact that it suited Forrest's animal disposition, still the student should be able, as he soon will be able, to examine closely the structure of "The Gladiator."

R. T. CONRAD
One-time mayor of Philadelphia and author of "Jack Cade"

Richard Penn Smith (1799-1854) grandson of the provost of the College of Philadelphia, was another protégé of Forrest. He was the author of the prize play, "Caius Marius" (1831), which, though it did not prove much of a stage success, is nonetheless interesting from the standpoint of closet drama. By some he was noted for the rapidity of his writing; by others for the variety. There are thirteen or fourteen plays to his credit. Another only quasi-successful competitor in the Forrest list of American dramas was George H. Miles (1824-1871), who, though he happened to be a Marylander, is usually identified with the Philadelphia group that prospered under Forrest's encouragement; he wrote "Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet."

Robert T. Conrad (1810-1858), the author of "Jack Cade," formerly called "Aylmere; or The Kentish Bondman," was one-time Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, and showed his handiwork, not only in politics, but as editor of Graham's *American Monthly,* as collaborator in a "Life" of General Zachary Taylor, and as editor of the *North American Review.* "Jack Cade" was first produced in 1841, and, according to Wemyss, authority on this period of our stage history, was originally written for A. A. Adams.

Probably the most familiar name among the group of Philadelphia playwrights, but one who did not bask under the encouragement of Forrest, was George Henry Boker (1823-1890). There is hardly a theatre-goer of the present who is unfamiliar with the knowledge that he wrote a play dealing with "Francesca da Rimini," brought to fame through the acting of Lawrence Barrett, and later brought to success through the excellent revival by Otis Skinner. Boker was a man of great culture—one who had read his Shakespeare attentively. So carefully, indeed, that entire passages in "Francesca" are reminiscent of the master. Nevertheless, Boker's play is the most actable of the many versions based on that short passage in Dante which tells of the love Paolo had for the wife of his elder brother Lanciotto. Most of the Boker manuscripts are loaned to the University of Pennsylvania at the present time, but they will eventually go to the poet's Alma Mater, Princeton.

These are the men, therefore, who may be grouped as contemporaries, and as being influenced by the same spirit which dominated the theatre of the day. The importance of Bird will increase with the approaching availability of his manuscripts. He is a man whom I associate in memory with the names of John P. Kennedy, author of the novel, "Horse-Shoe Robinson," from which a great stage vehicle was constructed for the elder Hackett; and with James K. Paulding, who competed for a prize offered by Hackett.

White

Ralph Roeder Arthur E. Hohl

SCENE IN STRINDBERG'S "PARIAH," PRESENTED BY THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

Charlotte Fairchild

Joseph Eagle John Barrymore Viva Burkitt Lionel Barrymore

SCENE IN "PETER IBBETSON," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE REPUBLIC

ROMANCE AND PSYCHOLOGY AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON

SUCCESSFUL STAGE MOTHERS

By HELEN TEN BROECK

FROM immemorial time, the stage mother has been to humorists and purveyors of bromides in general, a subject of infinite jest and merriment. As a stock joke she has been listed with the mother-in-law, the bibulous citizen and the sad-souled commuter.

To audiences who know their book of stars as an astronomer knows his Newton and Keppler, the actress is a very definite entity, and the actor a concrete personality, but the mother of the stage is to the average playgoer a shadowy cross between Dickens' immortal Mrs. Vincent Crummles and Thackeray's Colonel Costigan—a fabled creature whose habitat is the shores of Bohemia.

Science is abolishing traditions, and the bright electric light of modern inquiry is fast fetching the stage mother into a gleaming prominence that robs paragraphers and jokesmiths of one of their most cherished fables. Instead of being rigorously banished to the cloudy background of a mysterious reticence, the stage mother to-day is proudly projected into the spot light, and the actress who cannot produce a handsome young parent for interviewing purposes, is a bleak disappointment to her press agent and her public. Personally, I am keen for the mothers of my stage favorites. Helen Cohan interests me as much as her son George M.; Margaret Wycherly's mother accounts for Margaret Wycherly, and it is a matter of poignant regret to my inner being that the brilliant Georgie Drew Barrymore passed away before I became acquainted with people of the stage. What must that woman have been like who gave the theatre such luminous stars as John and Ethel Barrymore? But it is quite surprising how many of to-day's stars still love, honor and obey the parent who brought them into this world of more or less care and trouble, and I am proud to number many splendid stage mothers among my friends.

MRS. JANIS

MRS. NASH

MRS. RAMBEAU

First in the hearts of her country women, I think we must give place to Josephine Janis, the mother of our most versatile actress, dancer, mimic and writer, "little" Elsie Janis. Mrs. Janis who comes of fine old American stock is quite as proud of her ancestry as of her immediate posterity; and when friends mention her daughter's literary gifts she is very likely to reply with an indication that it would be strange, indeed, considering the talent of her grandfather, if Elsie weren't a natural-born writer. Reference to Miss Janis' genius for mimicry is quite certain to elicit proud recitals of the wonderful imitations of which her great-great aunt, Josephine, was capable, but never in the conversation of Mrs. Janis creeps a hint of the truth that it is to her mother, her close and constant companion, her faithful and unfailing friend *confidante* and teacher that the Dillingham star owes the brilliance of a career that began a dozen years ago when Elsie Janis was a little girl held under the sharpest surveillance by the stage detectives of the Gerry Society.

The shrewdest of managers, the most inspiring of teachers, an unrivalled guardian of her child's personal and professional interests, Josephine Janis has seen her daughter win before her middle twenties a place on the stage, and a position in society here and abroad possible only to a girl of fine gifts finely directed. To Mrs. Janis, then, first place among stage mothers.

A very precious possession to all who have been permitted entrance to the outer portal of Mary Garden's inner life is such acquaintance with her mother as Mrs. Robert Garden accorded a few of her daughter's admirers. I cannot name another woman whose delicate staunchness, whose lovely, sweet strength bloom so like the heather of her native Scottish moors as the characteristics of Mrs. Garden. The union of utter gentleness and charm with a certain exquisite disdain for things not high and worthy was a birthright of Mary Garden's mother which was bequeathed to her gifted daughter along with the sterner, sterling qualities with which Miss Garden has won a way to shining heights in the face of more difficulties than talent usually meets.

FOUR or five seasons ago there came bright reports from the West of a "new actress." She was, according to the thousand tongues of rumor, a brilliant brunette who was as tragic as Duse, a fluffy blonde as amusing and capricious as Fritzi Scheff, an emotional girl with fiery red hair and the super-talent of a fifteen-year-old Leslie Carter. Her name was——but, of course, you know that it was Marjorie Rambeau of whom everybody was speaking, and when Al H. Woods presented Miss Rambeau to New York audiences, she established at once a versatility that proved her capable of being blonde, brunette, a comedienne, an emotional actress and a richly gifted girl whose voice was tuned to the deeper thrill of tragic power.

When one visits Miss Rambeau in her charming apartment it is to discover her in an atmosphere one may only describe as caressing. The home created about the newest Broadway favorite is surcharged with motherly affection. It breathes from every corner, and every detail of the attractively decorated rooms is stamped with an indefinite something which one recognizes as intention and taste that a mother-choice must have directed. You picture Marjorie Rambeau's mother as an artistic-looking woman of rather more than middle age. It would seem natural to expect so mature and discriminate a taste to exist only in a woman old enough to reach back past the mid-Victorian horrors one finds in so many stage homes. But you are quite wrong. Miss Rambeau's mother is the youngest stage parent I have ever seen. Even Marie Doro's youthful mater seems mature in comparison to Mrs. Rambeau who is a companion, a friend, a sister to her lucky daughter.

"You see," says the star of "Cheating Cheaters," "mother was an infant phenomenon. She was a star actress when only fourteen years of age, and I was born while she was a mere girl. She is really an infant phenomenon to this day, for she retains all the ideals, all the enthusiasms, all the freshness of viewpoint that most mothers lost somewhere along the blossoming trail of maternal care."

It is very possible that the blossoming trail in Mrs. Rambeau's case has not been one of maternal care, but rather of maternal happiness since she contributes to this story the pleasant statement that she has never had so much as a trifling cause to chide Marjorie Rambeau for the slightest disobedience or lack of thought and affectionate daughterly care.

So it seems quite certain that the versatility of Mr. Woods' star extends to a very perfect performance of the rôle of daughter to the youngest of stage mothers.

Of course, the business acumen, the fine critical knowledge of music, the watchful care of health and study bestowed upon the interests of Geraldine Farrar by the most sedulously careful and devoted mother, are matters of musical and personal history in the career of the most successful of young prima donnas. Until Miss Farrar was firmly placed upon the pedestal of precedence among singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Farrar had never been separated from her daughter for a period of twenty-four hours since the birth of little Geraldine in Melrose, Mass., something more than thirty years back. The closeness of the tie between mother and daughter in this instance has no parallel in musical history since it is both artistic and business guidance combined with mother care that Henrietta Farrar has given to her gifted daughter's success.

It isn't often that a stage mother sees two of her children achieve, while still mere girls, equal personal and professional popularity as in the case of Mrs. Nash, mother of Florence Nash the foremost of all stage exponents of saucy young girls who express themselves in terms of the slang of to-morrow, and Miss Mary Nash who has legitimately achieved stellar distinction in "The Man Who Came Back."

From a portrait by Curtis Bell

ETHEL BARRYMORE AND HER CHILDREN

A very Cornelia is Ethel Barrymore. As the revered Roman matron, if she were asked what were the contents of her jewel casket, she would reply, with a wave of her hand and the Barrymore smile at Sam, her eldest, and Ethel II and John Drew, the baby: "These are my diamonds and rubies and pearls beyond price." When the popular artiste chose to remain at a hospital rather than leave the side of her little stricken daughter, a whole nation turned the eyes of its mind loyally and sympathetically toward her. An artiste, a beauty, a friend, a social luminary, Miss Barrymore regards her chief and happiest function as that of wife and mother. Her happiest hours are those spent at the home at Mamaroneck, N. Y., where she is known, not as Miss Barrymore, but as Mrs. Russell Colt

As is known of all men, manager W. A. Brady is reluctant to play the rôle of Warwick the star maker, but he willingly accorded the distinction of stardom to Miss Nash when her mother eloquently pointed out her right to the scepter and the star dressing room. Like most successful stage mothers Mrs. Nash is still a young woman. Her friends declare her to be, in fact, the feminine counterpart of Peter Pan inasmuch as she possesses an invincible inability to grow up like other mothers. More of a companion than a mentor to her lovely "girls" Mrs. Nash enters into the ambitions, the pleasures, the work and the play of her daughters with a happily buoyant spirit behind which lurks the strength and stamina of character which is always as a staff of strength in the hand of a stage mother's daughter.

Everybody knows what James K. Hackett owes to the devotion of his mother—the splendid widow of one of America's splendid actors, whose whole life was dedicated to the interests of her son.

Blanche Bates is another artist who ever rises up to call her mother "blessed" for Miss Bates was born with a fine dramatic heritage in being the daughter of Frances Bates, a splendid actress of a generation ago, and also a splendid mother.

A student of heredity would doubtless pause just here to indulge in a psychological dissertation on the influence of Mrs. John Drew, as a stage mother, upon the American drama. The mother of John Drew, of Georgia Drew Barrymore, of Sydney Drew and of Mrs. Mendum, whose early death robbed the theatre of the most gifted of that talented family, there was a stage mother if you like! And a stage grandmother, too, since Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, Louise Drew, Georgia Drew Mendum and Sidney Drew, Jr., inherit in the third generation the talent of that remarkable woman.

Ineffective and incomplete would be any list of stage mothers that failed to include Mrs. Jerry Cohan, who gave to the stage George M. Cohan, his sister, Josephine Cohan Niblo of sainted memory, and who has "mothered" a large family of orphaned nieces in the talented Rhodes girls who are making their mark on the bright pages of current stage history.

If you ever have three or four years of absolute leisure, get Chauncey Olcott to talk to you about his devoted mother and her influence upon his work and his character. But don't let Mr. Olcott begin his eulogy unless you have all the time in the calendar, for the story of that beloved stage mother is one that, upon the lips of her adoring son, tempts you to listen long and eagerly and then clamor for more.

Six or seven years ago I walked along the road from Florence to Fiosole with a sombre-eyed woman whose lips seemed always too sorrowing for smiles. From the Brownings and Dante and Beatrice, our conversation slipped into easy confidences about mothers, and I shall never forget the thrill that touched my heart each time she said "madonna mia." Her great eyes glowed, her lips wreathed themselves in smiles and her feet almost danced along the road we trod. The woman was Eleanora Duse, whose great heart is a shrine of memory for her mother and of love for her child. And surely the woman whom Duse calls "madonna mia" must be numbered among the successful stage mothers of all time.

Margaret Wycherly's mother inspired in the star of "The Thirteenth Chair," the characterization of mother love of which Rosa La Grange in Veiller's melodrama is the tigerish exponent. "My mother would have fought for me as I fight for my stage daughter," smiled Miss Wycherly through her painted wrinkles, "and so I am not entitled to the slightest claim to originality."

WHEN PETER PELHAM WROTE A PLAY

By HAROLD SETON

Persons:
Peter Pelham, a dramatist.
Miss Blank, a play-agent.
Scene—Miss Blank's office, Broadway, New York.
Time—The Present.

A CONVENTIONAL business office. A door at Right opens into the corridor. On the portal is the play-agent's name. Miss Blank, a conventional business woman, about thirty-five, sits at a desk, opening her morning mail. It consists of between fifteen and twenty large envelopes, containing blue-paper-covered manuscripts of plays. She glances at one after another, with absolute indifference.

The door opens, and Peter Pelham enters. He is about twenty-five, with evidences of having been to Harvard. He is well-dressed and well-behaved, but has an affected voice and an affected manner. Had he never been to Cambridge he would have had long hair and a flowing necktie. But a course with Professor Baker had removed all traces of the artistic temperament from Peter Pelham's personality.

Pelham: Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Blank, the play-agent?

Miss Blank: You have!

Pelham: Ah, then it is a pleasure indeed! (*He goes over to the desk, and sit down beside the agent.*) Permit me to introduce myself! My name is Peter Pelham. Here is my card. My grandfather was a Mayor of New York City, and my great-grandfather was a Governor of New York State. Furthermore, my ancestors were the Pelhams of Pelham Manor. I am not stating these facts in a boastful way, but merely because they might have some bearing upon my play.

I have always been interested in the drama. While I was an undergraduate at Harvard, I submitted a comic-opera libretto to the Hasty Pudding Club. But my work was too good. it really was, and I am sincerely grateful that they did not accept it! My natural development might have been interfered with. Since then I have written three other plays.

One I have submitted to Nazimova, because it is something like "The Doll's House," only more serious! One I have submitted to William Hodge, because it is something like "The Man From Home," only much lighter! And one I now want to submit to you, because I am sure you will know exactly what to do with it.

The piece is quite original, and really actable. It is constructed according to modern methods, and illustrates the latest theories. It is neither a farce nor a melodrama, but contains the elements of both classes in its make-up. I believe that the great man can be all things to all men, and I believe that the great play should be all things to all audiences.

Therefore I have supplied violence for the gallery, sentiment for the balcony, subtlety for the orchestra, and comic relief for the boxes! Thus, you see, there ought to be a constant ripple of applause from some section of the house throughout the progress of the play.

It is in six acts, instead of the old-fashioned three! That shows the influence of the cinema! There will be six stage-settings, as people have grown tired of just three, or even two, or only one, such as playwrights of a former generation often employed. The eye as well as the ear, must be appealed to.

The leading man could be portrayed by William Faversham. There is a situation, where he deserts the Indian girl, that Faversham did very well in "The Squaw Man." I believe in letting an actor do what he knows how to do, just as a shoemaker should stick to his last. But if Faversham did not care for the part, Raymond Hitchcock might try it instead, although, of course, his interpretation would be somewhat different.

Then the leading-woman could be played by Frances Starr. The scene where she, an Indian girl, believes that the white man is a god, is along the lines of Miss Starr's part in "Marie-Odile," only in my play she is a savage instead of a nun. It went well once, so ought to go well once more.

I know that David Belasco controls the destinies of Miss Starr, and if he does not like the piece, and some other manager does, Valeska Suratt might have the rôle. In the last three acts there is a chance to wear some stunning costumes. That is after the heroine has fallen by the wayside.

There is an Indian man also. Robert Edeson might do that part. He made-up so well as a redman in "Strongheart." Or, as the character refers to his seven children, Eddie Foy might be given a chance to interpret a straight part. As for the other feminine characters, a very varied rôle, Jane Cowl would be excellent in it, because there is an hysterical scene, or Marie Dressler could try it, because there is an opportunity for broad comedy.

I am not one of those egotistical and self-satisfied authors who insist upon a play being produced exactly as it was originally written. I would be only too glad to make any alterations deemed necessary, building up certain parts, or cutting down certain others, emphasizing either the humorous elements or the tragic situations. It could be adapted to Maude Adams or John Drew, or Anna Held or George M. Cohan!

Indeed, if you think the play would be better as a pantomime, like "Pierrot the Prodigal," I would eliminate the dialogue altogether! Or else, if you think it would be suited to the screen, I would be willing to have it acted by Mary Pickford and Francis X. Bushman, or Theda Bara and Charlie Chaplin! Or else....

Miss Blank (*rising and interrupting*): I beg your pardon, but you must excuse me! I have an appointment. It is with Eva Tanguay. She wants a successor to *"I Don't Care!"* Therefore she might possibly wish to produce your drama. At any rate, I will show her the manuscript! Good morning, Mr. Pelham.

Pelham: Good morning, Miss Blank.

(*Mr. Pelham goes out of the door. Miss Blank collapses in a chair.*)

Curtain.

From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

E L S I E F E R G U S O N

Succumbing at last to the lure of the movies, Miss Ferguson will lend her beauty and talents to the picturization of "Barbary Sheep," from the novel of Robert Hichens

MAE MURRAY IN THE LASKY PHOTOPLAY, "AT FIRST SIGHT"

MARGUERITE CLARK, THE DIMINUTIVE STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURES

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

AT this well known and widely appreciated season of the year one of the most popular of indoor sports is the writing of reviews of the theatrical season that has just passed into history. In countless newspaper offices countless erudite dramatic critics are putting on their horn-rimmed spectacles and a Solomonic look, taking their trusty typewriters in hand, and firing their last shots at the dear departed.

It is in accord with this sacred custom that I, who have suffered at my share of first nights since August, 1916, salute you. I think I may safely say that the season just passed, like all former theatrical seasons, is one of the most significant we have known. As to what it is significant of, I am less positive. Possibly that theatrical managers, authors and actors like the idea of riding in limousines, dining now and then on terrapin stew and seeing their names in the papers. If the season signifies anything more significant, just at this minute I can't think what it is.

One of the opening guns of the before-mentioned season, if I remember correctly, was fired by some intrepid *entrepreneur* late in August. It was no Big Bertha; as a matter of fact, its fond fabricators christened it "Yvette." It was not a gun to be fired twice. Its deadly work done with unerring accuracy and *éclat*, it recoiled into No Man's Land, carrying with it a record never surpassed save when George Jean Nathan closed the Princess for a week with his one consecutive dress rehearsal.

INTREPIDITY broke out several times later. It gave us, notably, "Backfire," "The Flame," "In for the Night," and "Seremonda." All these masterpieces were produced with an authorial faith in the beloved child of the brain that was touching. As a matter of fact, each of them was born with a gold spoon in its mouth. Why need a drama be self-supporting, anyhow, when Dad has money? Besides, none but critics have to go to the theatre if they don't want to.

Courage of another variety was also evinced. Mr. Winthrop Ames, for example, took his nerve in both hands and did "Pierrot the Prodigal." Mr. William Faversham gave us "Getting Married." Mr. Arthur Hopkins introduced us to Clare Kummer. Sir Herbert Tree again let us see how well Lyn Harding can play Henry VIII. The Washington Square folks never even flinched when they did "Bushido" and "The Life of Man." Mr. Silvo Hein showed that he has the stuff in him that heroes are made of, with his "Merry Wives of Windsor." The Coburns slipped us "The Imaginary Invalid." Albert Reiss and his associates gave their customers real *opéra comique* at the prices of the imitation.

SOME of these enterprises actually made money for their producers. All of them made friends. As usual the long-run pieces were melodramas, farces, and musical comedies. No one would think of violating this pleasing custom by supporting a comedy or a tragedy with an idea in it for three hundred and more performances. The managers are already assuring us that they will try their best not even to produce any serious plays next year. So the outlook is that we shall continue to check such brains as we have at the coatroom window for what is commonly known as quite some time.

By holding your head in both hands and thinking hard you can remember the titles of some of these long-run pieces. There was "Cheating Cheaters," built around that novel subject for the drama, the crook. I think there were even some detectives in it. Then there was "The Thirteenth Chair," all about a very pleasant little murder committed by an agile gentleman who, having stuck his knife into his neighbor, carefully removed it and thrust it into the ceiling. Also there was "Nothing But the Truth," a play in which W. Collier said every night that his first love was a different actress—depending on which one was out front.

Let us not forget "The Man Who Came Back," wherein the gentleman thrashes his wife with a dog-whip; or "Upstairs and Down" with its osculatory triumphs; or "Turn to the Right," which so amply demonstrates (again) the more or less unsuspected fact that Sing Sing is entirely populated by nature's noblemen. Brilliant stuff, all this—big with promise of the ascendency of the American stage.

When it comes to the musical plays, there isn't much to say except Wodehouse and Bolton and Kern. The only musical comedies that they haven't yet written and that I can at present think of are "Yea, Bo!" "You Chirped a Forkful," "Where Do You Get That Stuff?" and "Whom Are You?" said Cyril.

Probably they will write all these pieces next year.

A little judicious and painstaking expenditure of mental energy will also enable almost anyone who is willing to take a chance to recall several actors and actresses who took part in the season's festivities. For instance, Mr. Arnold Daly interrupted the run of "The Master" to have a very rare and expensive disease, which, we are most happy to say, he put to sleep in the second round, and then came right back at us, a Belasco star. Another good actor, Lyn Harding, joined Mr. Daly in prohibition propaganda. Whatever Bacchanalian tendencies were left in me after I saw Mr. D. in "The Very Minute" were utterly wiped out when I saw Mr. H. in "Old Friends." I didn't dare to risk "Ghosts."

Mr. José Ruben can be remembered with no considerable difficulty. I shall never forget how badly he felt when his little Japanese son's head was cut off. Not that Mr. Ruben raised much fuss about it, but you could see that he was displeased. I also find it easy enough to remember that Emma Dunn cost me four cents in laundry bills when she was playing Mrs. Major Reginald Barlow in "Old Lady Trente-et-une." (I give this graceful little French touch to the title deliberately out of respect to our Allies.) Other players whose names come to the surface after you shuffle the programs and deal yourself a hand include Beryl Mercer and I forget whom else.

NO review of the season would be complete, and I propose to be complete in this review at any cost, without reference to the one-act play and the intimate theatre. Undoubtedly we have just passed safely through the greatest one-act season we have known. To convince yourself of this fact all you need to do is to say over rapidly to yourself, "Barrie—Dunsany—Shaw—Strindberg — Molière — Bahr." If

that doesn't flabbergast you, why, you are qualified to lead a charge against a regiment of machine guns.

Much credit, no doubt, is due, in this connection, to Mr. Stuart Walker and his vest-pocketful of scenery. Along with him rank the Neighborhood folks, who have resolutely lured us into the wilds of Grand Street and made us forgive them more than once. Next, of course, is the Washington Square contingent, who are more considerate of our soles. Also we have had the Negro Players, the East-West Players, and at the eleventh hour Ethel Barrymore back with us in "The £12 Look," or, as some of the reviewers insist, the 140-pound look. It was a good deal of fun to see the captive king gnawing dog-bones in the Dunsany piece entitled "Whatyoumaycallem," but I rather preferred Barrie's "The New Word."

As for the intimate theatre business, even David Belasco has noticed that it has been brisk. His kindly words of encouragement have been greatly appreciated by all. The fact is that our stage has made strides in the direction of genuine, heart-to-heart, Fall River intimacy. In one or two instances it has grown positively familiar. I remember very distinctly the evening at one of these progressive little institutions when, perhaps owing to the scarcity of regular seats, a young lady in the second row sat on her escort's lap throughout the performance. Is that to become a custom, I wonder? And now comes Raymond Hitchcock in his new contribution to the elevation of the stage and shakes hands with members of the audience and everything. Shall we look forward to the time when we can drop into the playhouse, shuck off our coats and collars, and generally make ourselves at home on both sides of the footlights while the drama proceeds to unfold?

What has been, is, and will be the effect of the war upon the theatre? Ah, what indeed! Everyone agrees that it will have some effect. It will either close the theatres or keep them open. It will either divert our minds from tragic reality, or it will mirror the seriousness of the hour.

As for the season just survived, it has echoed the combat with considerable hostility and a record of well established atrocities. Critics and managers have bombarded each other with much severity—on at least one occasion with resultant casualities. What is worse, critic has even turned against critic—such are the horrors of Mars. As for the atrocities, I have already named several under another heading, and only this *de mortuis* stuff prevents me from adding to the list. If all the playwrights, players, producers, and scene-painters of 1916-17 that deserved it had been shot at sunrise, the Rialto would now be incapable of resisting an invasion at the hands of San Salvador's marines.

But, take it all in all and by and large, to say nothing of in the last analysis, the dear old season has been good training for us all. We need to have our moral fibre stiffened, our strength of endurance increased. And I submit that any person who has patiently borne the slings and arrows of "Nju," "Fast and Grow Fat," "A Little Bit of Fluff," "If," "The Lodgers," "The Very Minute," "Rich Man, Poor Man," "Hush!" and many other of the entertainments that try men's souls, he should be thoroughly qualified for the milder duties of Plattsburg or a war hospital orderly.

I asked the office boy up at Slaw and Fiasco's what *he* thought of 1916-17. Within twenty minutes' time he had entirely made up his mind. "Some season!" he assured me with great deliberation. And there you are. George M. Cohan refused to write a revue of it. He said nothing could be funnier than the plays that had been produced—so why parody them? It ill behooves me to be less respectful at this post mortem. I feel that I should simply take off my hat as they do in the movies to let everybody know that the last kick has at length been registered.

And so no more. I leave to posterity to decide whether 1916-17 has done anything toward the elevation of the stage. At least we can truly say of it that it contributed its share toward the depression of the audience.

COMEDY. "PARIAH." A play by August Strindberg; translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Produced on May 28th with this cast:

Mr. X	Arthur E. Hohl
Mr. Y	Ralph Roeder

Revival of "ANOTHER WAY OUT," by Lawrence Langner, and "PLOTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS," by Edward Massey.

WITH a week devoted to a revival of "Ghosts" the Washington Square Players intended to close up their season at the Comedy, but Ibsen's pathologic revelation proved such a drawing card that two extra weeks had to be set apart for it.

Still the demand to see these ambitious and original players in something out of the ordinary refused to abate and so a supplementary season was begun. It contained but a single novelty "The Pariah," by Strindberg.

Even the most enthusiastic of the Swedish dramatists following will not go so far as to contend that this is a good acting play—for of action there is practically none—but as a soul searching analysis of character, a tract of profound psychological research it has its value and its *raison d'etre*.

In a deserted farmhouse an archæologist and a traveler from America meet. In a prologed discussion the latter is revealed as a forger, who though he has paid the penalty of his crime, refuses to look up, is innately criminal at heart and would to the end blackmail his interrogator, a homicide, who escaped justice. It is all ingenious, inquisitively apt and holds the interest because its content is well brought out by Arthur E. Hohl as the archæologist and Ralph Roeder as the traveler.

As a satire on the Broadway dramatist "Plots and Playwrights" is delicious. Emily Pinter played the rôle of Bessie Dodge in the second interlude, and a most amusing interpretation she gave of the *laissez aller* lodger. It was a hard task to follow such a skilful player as Ruby Craven but Miss Pinter showed the real histrionic stuff she has in her.

I don't want to harshly criticize, but it does seem as if the male performers of this organization might act with a little more technical expertness. Isn't there something of a pose in the unfinished quality of some of their work? Impressionism should be sparingly used.

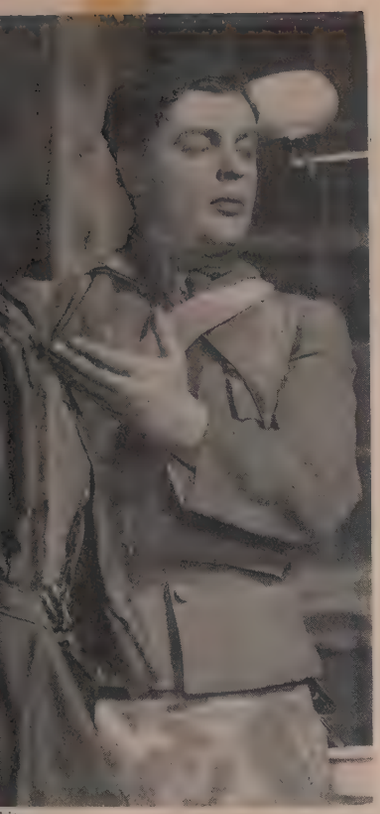
COHAN AND HARRIS. "HITCHY KOO." Revue in two acts and nineteen scenes. Book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough and E. Ray Goetz. Music by E. Ray Goetz. Produced on June 7th with this cast:

Le Compere	Raymond Hitchcock
Baron de Marron	William Rock
Claire de Bouillon	Irene Bordoni
Gladys Brown	Grace La Rue
Capt. Pimento	Roy Hoyer
Lizzie Brown	Frances White
Hiram Brown	Leon Errol
Emily Prime	Florence Ware
Professor Twinkle	George Moore
Handel Keys	Alfred Newman
Rose	Teddy Hudson
Pansy	Helen Bond
Lily	Trixie Whiteford
Marigold	Dorothy Klewer
The Dude Ducks	Kellar and Holbrook
Mrs. Pringle	Adelaide Winthrop
George Bassett	Florenz Ames
The Storekeeper	Felix Rush
The Sheriff	William Galpen

POSSIBLY Raymond Hitchcock meant what he said when he informed the public that he had been anxious to try his hand at management. In any case his first attempt

(*Concluded on page* 55)

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



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JOHN M. McFARLANE

IT was not difficult for John McFarlane to play the brawny, big voiced giant Highlander in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." For he was in Edinburgh born. He had intended to become a lawyer, but studying for the bar was not half so interesting as the plays he saw at night in the quaint theatres of Edinboro' town. He joined a Shakespearean company that went touring Scotland and the Northern English Provinces. He crossed the sea for two years more of dramatic education. He got it in Canada. A two years' term he served also in "Forgiven." He became the "Weelum" of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Two seasons in vaudeville followed. He was Maude Adams' Rob Dow in "The Little Minister."

Charlotte Fairchild

LEONORE HARRIS

IT is Booth Tarkington's conviction that no one was ever born in New York City, but he quite forgot that is was the place of nativity of Leonore Harris, whose delightfully sincere portrayal of the expatriate and home sick American princess in "Our Betters," is the most fragrant memory of the peculiarly pungent Maugham play. "The New Clown" was the medium, the Madison Square Theatre the place, of her stage début. A one-line part in "Ulysses," in which Rose Coghlan played the lorn Penelope, was her second essay upon the boards. She was the adventuress of "The Whip" and in "Life." In "The Girl From Kays" she had for companions, two ambitious young girls, to whom, as to herself, were allotted a few lines. They were Elsie Ferguson and Marie Doro. She went to London, where she appeared with Edna May in "The Girl From Up There." For four years she lived in France where she studied dramatic art.

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DOROTHY DICKSON

THE dizzying sensation of sudden success has been Dorothy Dickson's. Until last February, New York wotted not of her. But when sprightly "Oh, Boy" warmed the cockles of the metropolis's chilly heart a pretty girl who danced with a slender chap, whom the program identified as Carl Heisen, caused a vast whispering. "Who is she? It was F. Ray Comstock, who answered insistent inquiries. "She is from Chicago. I saw them dancing in the ball room of a Kansas City hotel and brought them here." After their dances in nightly "Oh, Boy," the pair hurried to the Ziegfeld Follies, afterward to the Cocoanut Grove, to aid in the midnight revelry. There is something more. She and her partner are married.

EILEEN HUBAN

TO play subtly the rôle of a girl dipsomaniac is a tax upon delicacy and cleverness. Since Maude Adams played deliciously her rôle of a tipsy young girl in "A Masked Ball," no one has so successfully portrayed so exacting a part, until, enter Eileen Huban. In Barrie's "Old Friends" she presented the study in the cravings and vagaries of the liquor cursed in one of the group of one-act plays. Earlier in the season she appeared in "Grasshopper." Previously, she had been known merely as a promising amateur. When the Gaelic Club gave its pageant it looked about for a little Irish girl and discovered Eileen Huban.

JUANITA FLETCHER

FROM Australia came Miss Juanita Fletcher. She is the girl with the ringing laugh, the captivating smile, the eloquent eyes and the abundant vivacity in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Of Melbourne, she travelled half round the world to secure a musical education. That she achieved in France. She besieged managers' offices in London, but the managers were unaccountably indifferent. "Then I shall go to big America," she said. Fred C. Whitney gave her her first rôle as "Mascha" in "The Chocolate Soldier." For two years she coquetted with the sweet little man of the opera, then joined "My Little Friend"

WHEN PLAYWRIGHTS ARE THROUGH

By EDWARD VARIAN

OUR modern playwrights—some of them—who seem to the surprise of everybody interested, to come suddenly to the end and either cannot or will not write any more, have an illustrious example in the greatest in English literature who stopped at the age of from forty-five to forty-six and never wrote another line. Why Shakespeare suddenly ceased producing is only another of the mysteries for which he refuses to "abide our question." The rule is quite the contrary, for writers acquire a habit and rarely cease to write simply because they have nothing left to say.

The modern dramatists are apparently loath to accept the falling off of their powers. They go on trying to prove that the bottle is inexhaustible and only the harsh indifference of the cruel public can convince them (it does sometimes) that they are out of the running, and in spite of all their experience, all their stagecraft, all their literary cunning, their day is over. New men with everything to learn rush in and crudity and, faulty technic notwithstanding, capture the monster's ear. Very rarely, indeed, has it happened that any modern playwright lasts over the second generation.

Men whose age would scarcely relegate them to the army of the reserve remember when the author of "Iris" and "The Gay Lord Quex" seemed like one who, by his close touch with life, his deft mingling of idealism and realism, his clever but not too clever mechanics, and especially by his choice of theme would never be "finished." "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" does, indeed, keep a slight hold on the stage today, other plays of Pinero once deservedly popular, including the two named above, "The Money Spinners," "The Cabinet Minister," "His House in Order" *et al.* are hopelessly old fashioned. This seems strange to the old playgoers whose children are just beginning to go to the theatre and it not only seems, it *is* strange because Pinero offers a truer picture of manners than many of his contemporary writers. It is far stranger, however, that the author, himself, does not see that his day has reached the lovely, calm period of twilight that it is, to express the fact less poetically, over.

"Sit down," says one of the characters to an after-dinner speechmaker in "Trelawney of the Wells." "Sit down, you have finished long ago!"

PINERO did not take his own advice; years of success had dulled his ears to the voice of the critic and he went on writing desperately, as if he felt the change of public taste and wished to meet it. Desperately one may say, reciting the history of "A Wife Without a Smile," "The Thunderbolt," "Mid-Channel." The last named play is modern, certainly, modern to the acid depths of morbidity but the fiat of the Monster had gone forth that its author was "finished" and this play, without deserving the fate of the other two, shared that fate. The public read into his newest production the musty Victorian "cackle" of his early successes and stay away. Verily, it may be said, that if a new name had been attached to the unpleasant "Mid-Channel" it might have met a better reception. "Sit down," says the ungrateful public to this lively talker, "you finished in the nineties."

A rival playwright, but one who never exhibited a tithe of the Pinero talent, Henry Arthur Jones, after two or three disastrous meetings with ruthless submarine critics (who know not Jones) appears to be willing to settle down and talk about the drama. One can only fancy this settling down for the end of submarine warfare may inflict several Jones dramas of the sex order that he has warned us were on the stocks. This "finished" dramatist has a single stringed instrument but he has struck it successfully at long intervals, as in "Saints and Sinners" and "The Hypocrites" and (almost) in "Michael and His Lost Angel." As a factor in dramatic progress he has been negligible for a generation but he was always unaware of the fact.

To realize that one has finished a life profession and must linger in idleness for another twenty years or more before one is called to one's fathers is not a fate that fosters resignation and playwrights, who are when all is said, only human, rarely bring resignation to meet it.

THAT gentle author and fine gentleman, Bronson Howard, after several years of well-earned rest, wrote in his leisurely way a piece for the theatre which had applauded nearly all his work. It seemed as good a play as he had ever made, it contained the same sweet and natural comedy, it touched the tragic note with artistic restraint. Why should not "Squire Kate" prove another "Saratoga"? Mr. Howard loved it as an old man loves, it is said, his child born to him in old age. What was his astonishment when the producers who had made fortunes out of the plays of his brain fobbed the script back to him with excuses.

With "Shenandoah," which had shown senile traits, his work for the stage had been finished. In justice it should be added that this playwright accepted the dictum with philosophy. It is a proof of worldly wisdom to prepare for the time when any dealer in artistic "what not" will be shelved by the public and that however clever one is in manipulating old tricks until they look like new ones that stupid public is sure in time to penetrate the scheme.

No American playwright ever held his ear closer to the ground than the late Clyde Fitch. His aim, which he admitted, cynically enough, was to write pieces that would empty people's minds of thoughts of overshoes and suburban trains and from his first fluke, "The Moth and the Flame to the City," he pursued this purpose with a few higher things like "Nathan Hale" and "The Truth" to please himself in between. His death at forty-seven saved him from the realization that the cleverest and the most adaptable talent will eventually drain itself and that the playgoer will know this sorry fact before the author does.

At one period of our dramatic life what seemed like a menace of forty-seven or forty-eight States, beginning with Alabama, threatened the American stage. Fortunately the spell broke long before the list gave out and when Texas appeared out of its regular order it was the conviction of many that Mr. Thomas had finished. The new Thomas play "The Copperhead," which New York is to see shortly, will probably upset such snapshot judgment. It would indeed be a pity if this virile talent had nothing more to say, especially as the successes of "Alabama" and "Arizona," based as they were on a truthful study of conditions that were changing, must be ephemeral. Nor could other plays with a kind of primer of psychology—manna to the tribes in the wilderness, look for longevity.

A story told by Louis Nethersole has its pathetic value here as a case in point. His sister Olga Nethersole had advanced royalties to Oscar Wilde before the sorrowful quenching of that erratic intellect and while Wilde was living in Paris under an assumed name Mr. Nethersole sought him out to urge him to do the work on the accepted scenario. He found Wilde in a dingy little room on the Isle de France, sordid with uncleanliness and reeking with cigarette smoke. Wilde, himself, at first scarcely comprehended Nethersole's errand. A flicker or two of the old fire sprung up when he took in his hands the scenario. It seemed to Nethersole that the dejected author would respond to the familiar appeal of situation and dénouement. The flame soon died away, with a sigh Wilde let the sheets of Ms. slip through his fingers, he seemed to withdraw a hundred miles from the room. "Is it understood," asked Nethersole, "that you will go on with the play?" After a pause Wilde said:

"My dear sir, you ask an impossibility. For me 'the night has come when no man can work.'"

Is it a sad short coming of our poor human brain that having worked and studied and sweat in certain fields to produce a certain kind of harvest one cannot plough it under, plant a new seed and produce a new fruit? Certainly the professors of the art of playwrighting find their hands ineffacably stained with what they work in. The author who has dipped his hand in "rubber tired" melodrama, fails when he takes it out, wipes it dry and then dips it in high comedy. No playwright should be asked to try and the fault lies with the public when he desperately tries.

HE tells his story backwards!" shrieked the many headed in the joy of discovery that a new playwright had no technic. It is tired of discussions of things it doesn't understand, of technic, of construction and when a writer throws this to the storms it praises him to the sky and goes in mobs to see his first play. The young author of "On Trial" wrought more harm than he ever contemplated (if he contemplated any) for a thousand would-be playwrights were born into the profession simply on the allegation generally adopted that it had forever buried technic and everything else for years thought necessary to learn before one began to write. But by next season the unlicked play, offered by scores, was damned and the public taste veered back to complicated drama.

Our English-speaking stage is almost the only one where the dramatic author of acknowledged parts is shelved unreasonably or by a whim of fashion. It is almost the only stage where the performer finds his old-time popularity a feeble stay. In France the author who arrives without *chicane* finds the ground stable under him; whatever he does afterwards is sure of a respectful hearing, only by the natural method is he "finished." Pleasant as this thought must be to the French playwright this loyalty does not always advance the drama; it retards it rather by the weight of so many laggers. Perhaps it is wisdom in the playwrights who use English to school themselves for the shelving process. Shakespeare knew when he had "finished," Ben Jonson didn't.

White

Lyn Harding, Eileen Huban, H. Ashton Tonge in "Old Friends"

In "The New Word," Barrie plays deftly on the heartstrings, lingering always between gentle laughter and delicate tears. An English son and his father take great pains to lay aside for a brief moment their characteristic British reticence before the lad goes to the front as a Second Lieutenant. In "Old Friends" a father who has "conquered" the drink habit finds that it has merely deserted him in favor of his beloved daughter. In "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" we have a Scotch charwoman who, yearning for her share in the war, invents a son—a Black Watch kiltie—at the front. She has found his name in a newspaper. When the real Highlander reaches London on leave, he unmercifully scores the "auld hypocrite," but before his return to "out there" she has won his heart, and he formally proposes a filial relationship—his feelings toward her having grown distinctly "sonnish." Eventually the old lady lays away the uniform of the son she has won and lost by war and sadly dons his insignia of bravery

Photos © Chas. Frohman, Inc.

Gareth Hughes and Norman Trevor in "The New Word"

Beryl Mercer, Alice Esden, Clara T. Bracy, Lillian Brennard in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals"

AN EVENING WITH BARRIE FOR THE STAGE WOMEN'S WAR RELIEF

THE ROAD

By HELEN WARE

There is a great Hinterland in the theatrical world known as The Road. It is the place of plays departed from Broadway, or those that have not yet reached it—a place of one night stands, unbearable hotels, of getting up early to catch trains, of small salaries for most of its habitués, but greater than all of these, it is a place where good actors are made, and a place of hopes.

If one were to be suddenly poetic it might be possible to say that The Road leads to Broadway. The player folk who travel there have Broadway always in their hearts. Some of them arrive, some of them fall by the wayside, but they never lose their vision. Broadway is the day star that keeps them ever striving, ever working, ever hoping. When they are out of an engagement, when poverty comes to them, when there is little left to work for—the possible chance that they may land on the Street of Dreams and make a success buoys them up and gives them the courage to start afresh.

My experience on the road began three years before I had a chance to appear in New York City. Like most young people I had lived rather a narrow life, and what traveling I had done had been in my babyhood. When I found that I was to tour the United States for a long season I was more than delighted. We worked for several weeks rehearsing and I suppose that it was hard work, but all that I can remember was the thrilling possibility of getting away and seeing new places.

I think that it was two years before the road became the slightest bit monotonous to me. When we arrived in a new town I would rush to a hotel, throw my bag in my room and then find out the places in town that a stranger ought to see. I always took in all the churches, the river, if there was one, and then any point of interest—especially if it were the least bit historical.

One soon [illegible] such notions after a few seasons, however, and now I am like the rest of my profession, busy wishing that I could stay in my own home, and trying to make my road surroundings as homelike as possible.

The first question of importance to an actor or actress going "on the road," is "what can I take with me?"

The baggage rules are very strict and only a limited amount of baggage can be carried. The theatre trunk, of course, has to come first. In this are packed all the articles that will be needed at the theatre. The various costumes, make up, little dressing room comforts, and frequently a star who has numerous changes finds that she cannot find room for all her clothes, hats and shoes in one trunk.

The personal belongings are looked upon by the manager and transportation agent as being secondary considerations. A star can demand that she have two hotel trunks and so make sure that she has plenty of clothing and hotel comforts, but such comfort is not allowed to every member of the company. I wondered the first season why the members of the company wished for more than one hotel trunk. I soon found out. Hotels on the roads are apt to be far from homelike, and if one is fortunate to play a week, or more, there are many small comforts that make a room cheerful. Sofa cushions and extra bed clothing are items of importance, while a chafing dish and a few pieces of china and silver allow one to enjoy an after the theatre bite to eat in negligée. I learned early to always carry my toilet articles in a small bag, also a change of clothing, for trunks have been known to go astray, and have not been recovered for several days.

That is one of the tragedies of the road—trunks and scenery going to the wrong town, or as sometimes happens, being confused with the trunks and scenery of another company.

We had finished playing a week's stand in a far Western city one Saturday and were to move about sixty miles for a two night stay. The baggage car containing our trunks and scenery came on the train with us and our manager decided not to give any orders for unloading, thinking that the crew would enjoy a Sunday holiday. One of the women of the company, however, wished to have some repairing done to one of the costumes she wore on the stage and that afternoon asked the manager to get her trunk. They went to the siding together and got in our car. After some pulling and lifting the trunk was located. The manager had the key, but it would not work. He thought that the lock had been jammed, and worked for twenty minutes to get the trunk open. When he finally lifted the lid he stepped aside to let the actress find the dress she wanted, and the first thing the woman noticed was a blond wig, and then a pair of spangled tights.

In the half dark of the car neither the manager nor the actress had noticed any difference in the contents of the car—but a few hurried looks told them that there had been a serious mistake made by the railroad.

In the meantime, there was the wildest excitement in a city about fifty miles away. A company of vaudeville artists touring over the Orpheum circuit were to play a Sunday-night engagement. Sunday night engagements are one of the requirements in many Western cities, and at one o'clock they discovered that they had no scenery or theatre trunks. We had their car, and our's was "somewhere on the road."

It cost the company a special trip to get the car from our siding to the town where it belonged, and their curtain rang up half an hour late that night. Our car turned up the next day.

There are, of course, a certain amount of inconveniences in the smaller theatres on the road that are not met with in the larger cities. The stages are smaller and frequently cause a rearrangement of properties. This means that the people playing have to be careful in their groupings. Frequently we have to think very quickly, and think in concert in order not to spoil a scene.

I remember one very laughable incident that happened in a small New England city, and which proved that after all the play counted more than the way in which it was acted. We arrived in the town for a one night engagement and the manager reported that the house was sold out in advance, very cheerful news for the players. About five o'clock in the afternoon we were treated to one of the most severe thunder storms that I ever hope to encounter. The lightning caused considerable damage, and among other items it put the electric light plant out of commission. This accident occurred at the very end of the storm, and when I arrived at the theatre, after wading in water above my ankles, there was not an electric light in the house. Some of the dressing rooms were equipped with gas, but there was no means of lighting the stage. The manager had word from the power house that the damage might be such that they could repair it in time for the performance, but a quarter to eight the first scene was unset, and the people were waiting in the lobby. The house manager went to the lobby, told the people that the house would be open in a few minutes, and then sent all the messengers he could find to buy lamps, lanterns and even candles, as well as a great quantity of kerosene oil. It was to the great credit of the house manager as well as to the company manager that the performance started only five minutes late. We used lamps for footlights, and no overhead lighting, and the only way to let the audience see our action and our faces was to play the entire performance way down-stage, never retreating more than three feet from the footlights. It was impossible to see the back of the stage, so, after a consultation, it was decided not to try to change the scenery.

The audience liked the play, however, and they entered into the spirit of the evening so well that I think we gave one of the finest performances given the entire season.

I have had two experiences unique in the history of an actress, for contrary to general opinion, there are very few theatrical people who can truthfully say that they have walked the railroad track to the next town.

DURING my first season on the road we had played a small town in upper Michigan, and to reach the next stand had to change trains at a small junction, and wait three hours. The junction boasted of a shed and nothing else. It was snowing, the thermometer was about zero, and the wind blew and blew. I waited a short time, and then decided that I would rather do almost anything than stand round for three hours. I asked one of the boys in the company if he would walk to the next town with me—a matter of some eight or nine miles. He was willing and we started out, preferring the storm to standing in the bitter cold. It was hard going, but we reached the town ahead of the rest of the company, who huddled together in the station shed, had opened their bags and wrapped themselves in every bit of clothing they possessed in their effort to keep warm. Incidently that walk was one of the hardest undertakings in my life—but the two who walked were only tired next day, while the rest of the company suffered from colds.

My other walk was when I was playing "Within the Law." There was a slight accident just before we reached Detroit, and as it was late September, and a glorious day, I decided that it was my opportunity to walk—this time not from necessity—I felt proud to think I tramped when I might have hired an automobile, or even a special train if I had desired to be extravagant.

A great many city people have asked me since I first started my theatrical career, if I liked playing to audiences away from the big cities. That question always amuses me. Audiences are just the same whether one plays on Broadway, or in the Opera House at Wayback. Of course, there is a certain class of audience in a big city that is educated enough (*Concluded on page 52*)

...s Sarony

PATRICIA COLLINGE
The charming "glad" girl who has been delighting theatre-goers as "Pollyanna"

IRENE FENWICK
A recent star in "Bosom Friends" and now conspicuous in "Mary's Ankle," a new play

PEGGY O'NEIL
This blue-eyed Irish beauty recently in "The Flame" is now playing her namesake "Peggy" in vaudeville

EDITH TALIAFERRO
Who helped discover the buried treasure in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and incidentally contributed to the success of the play

FEMININE LEADERS AT THE THEATRICAL FRONT

WANTED: PEP FOR FIRST NIGHTS

By RANCHOLT WARSDEN

AT a time when the quest of novelty is the passion of every theatrical producer will someone please tell me why none of that devoutly desired ingredient is ever introduced into our drab and monotonous New York first-nights?

What a brutelike bore the typical first-night is! The curtain is announced for eight-thirty, and so you arrive at nine. You find the foyer full of shirt-fronts, tortoise-shell goggles, and bare backs. They are grouped into little reunions, everybody busily asking everybody else how he has managed to survive the most recent first-night, which was probably night before last. In the midst of a regular Wednesday evening Sewing Circle babel you hear faint echoes from a three-piece orchestra apparently stationed in the alley at the rear of the theatre. At once your intuition tells you that that eight-thirty curtain is about to rise, since it is now nine-nineteen.

The congregation percolates reluctantly down the aisles and after much insulting of the patient ushers is seated. Surveying the gathering, you note that it consists mainly of our favorite but disengaged mummers and mummeresses. As if to be prepared for any emergency call, most of them are all made up ready to go on. Indeed, standing at the rear of the auditorium and not knowing the law on the subject, you might reasonably conclude that the feminine contingent were planning to Annette-Kellermann, but this mistake is due to the fact that the backs of the seats extend as high as the waist-line.

SPRINKLED among these humble (though not excessively so) disciples of Thespis are other famous denizens of Broadway. There are producers, real and would-be, song-writers and near song-writers, automobile agents and other millionaires, scene-painters and interior decorators of both kinds.

There are also representatives of Society. For instance in the left orchestra box sit two famous munitions makers with their munitions makeresses and a handful of overfed and underdressed *débutante* munitions makerines. In the first row centre behold four tango-mustached hobbledehoys just in from New Haven, discussing how they will charge up the trip in their expense accounts to laundry and postage. Considerably farther back you observe the committee of the Drama League, dignified and duly sober as they reflect that their decision pronounced upon this performance may serve to make or break a playwright's career.

Seated hither and yon in unostentatious gloom are the well-known critics of the celebrated metropolitan press. Among them you note, crowded into RC1, Mr. J. Would Prune, who is equally at home in the sacred precincts of the Yard at Cambridge and in the less sacred but more exhilarating Brush Stadium. Noting his furrowed brow, you at once deduce that Mr. Prune is wondering how he can manage to write his review in the form of a box score.

Many rows behind him you discern Mr. George Green Hatem, painfully dragging the depths of his vitriolic mentality for words of revenge upon an incautious management that has dared to seat him so far in the rear. Nearby and wrapped in owlish murk sits Mr. Layton Scrambleton, absorbed in big, if unappreciated, ideas. Of course, there are also present Mr. Flooey Surewind, considering how he can roast Mr. Prune in to-morrow's Home Edition; Mr. Oleander Bulgott, nervously apprehensive of ejection from the theatre; and a flock of other newspaper, magazine, news agency, and free lun—pardon me, free lance "crickets" whose chirpings concerning the evening's entertainment will presently be heard throughout the land.

AND then the miscellany. Mr. Chess K. Coughboy, racking his brain to recall the name of the man in the fifth row with the forked whiskers and the red-knitted necktie, who will probably be mentioned in tomorrow's *Earth* as John Whothelareyou Jones. Mr. Coughboy is certain that the gentleman is either a celebrated millionaire or a Greenwich Village ukalele maker—but not quite sure which. Three chairs away, seated accurately on his seventh vertebra, is P. D. Q., the high-salaried journalistic jester, conjuring up an archaic phrase anent the play to insert in the Diary of Our Own Samuel Pipped. If you are lucky, you may also catch a glimpse of X. Y. Z., the only newspaper humorist who uses one jape to fill a whole colyum and gets away with it.

The survey has been a dull one, but it has at least sufficed to kill the first act. Languidly we watch the old familiar race of the critics up the aisles in their zeal to find out what one another thinks of the play. Of course, the result of the discussion will be that Mr. Charles Dangville, the demon electric sign occupant, who had about decided that the piece was ripping, will conclude that it is irremediably rotten; that Mr. Goggles, of the *Cablegram,* who was sure that here was another masterpiece of realism, will return to R2A of the opinion that after all, it is a true specimen of the neo-poetic romance; and so on *ad lib.* The only exception is Mr. Hatem, who, having learned that the playwright is an American, has made his irrevocable decision long in advance.

Meanwhile, at the rear of the auditorium stand the corpulent manager in a dinner jacket, his cohorts, and the ticket speculators, all straining their prehensile ears to catch any sincere and unbiased comment the promenading audience may let fall.

And this is what he hears:

A Critic: Old stuff. Bronson Fitch pulled this dope during the Spanish-American War.

A Débutante: Gee, don't you think it's perfectly wonderful?

Her Escort: Delish!

Her Father: Rotten.

A Would-be Playwright: I tell you it's *my* idea. What I get for leaving the MS. with Jigsby.

His Friend: Sue him for a hundred thousand. You can make more money that way than you can writing plays.

A Professor of the Drama: I thought the exposition a bit tedious.

His Son: But that cutey in the kilts! Oh, boy!

A Rival Manager: I give the damthing two weeks.

A Soubrette: Ain't it a shame? They've rehearsed over a month.

A Tired Business Man: Let's go get a drink and try to forget it.

And that's about all there is to see or hear—except the applause. This, of course, has consisted chiefly of charity salvos at the entrance and usually at the exit of every player in the cast from the star, whose name is a household word the same as Lydia Pinkham or Castoria, to the wardrobe mistress, who played Third Female Spectator in the courtroom scene.

As to this entrance applause, most of it seems highly absurd. But when it comes to applauding some of these people for getting off the stage, there's some sense to that. Involuntarily at each new explosion you look around to ascertain the exact location of the leaders of the claque, usually to find that they are standing at the rear ends of the aisles and wear uniforms.

If in spite of both play and playgoers you succeed in remaining awake until after Act II or III, as the case may be, you may be regaled by the one moment of the evening that contains a possibility of real amusement. That is the moment when one or two bolder spirits, duly suborned in advance by the management, raise the hue and cry of "Author! Author!" and the pathetic refrain is taken up and re-echoed by as many as half a dozen voices at once.

Then, if the biting is good—as it usually is, Lord help us!—forth from the wings is angled some unique specimen of the *genus* (if not genius) *homo* in an obvious state of mingled stage fright and Little-Jack-Hornerism. The game, as you know, is to determine accurately just how big a fool he makes of himself.

And that is all. The show, of course, is dull; the author, duller; and the audience, dullest. Is it right, I ask you, to charge folks five dollars a seat and then make them sit through an evening of such quintessential *ennui?* Isn't the weary first-nighter entitled to something more in the direction of actual entertainment? Oughtn't he to rise in defiance and vociferously demand that henceforward at *premières* there shall be something doing?

As a matter of fact, the last *bona-fide,* value-received, dyed-in-the-wool first night Broadway has experienced was that Irish one at the Maxine Elliott five or six years ago, when the first act had to be played twice, and an actor never knew, when he opened his mouth whether his speech was going out or the wreck of a tomato was coming in. Since then all *premières* within memory have been as dull as trench water.

IN England you are at least permitted to boo a bad play. In Italy you may hiss like the Mammoth Hot Springs. Here you can only applaud the star, gaze at the audience, and sleep. When they do let you throw anything at the actors, it is only a rubber ball or a paper orange. But have a care, Jack Dalton; a half-brick may be very cleverly made up. And then, oh, then, if only the author would come out!

I remember reading that when Macready was here, or somebody, they had corking riots down at Astor Place, or somewhere. Called out the militia, and all that sort of thing. Everybody knows about that jolly quarrel over the first performance of "Le Cid." And what a glorious afternoon and evening the long-haired, red-vested, loose-trousered young Romanticists had that day when "Hernani" ripped dear old Paris wide open! It must have been as good as the Pagan Rout.

And yet we poor twentieth century (very limited) first-nighters have to sit through for our sins these deadening hours of unrelieved monotony. Won't some kind manager spill the Tabasco into his next *première* and save us ere we go down for the third time in this sea of infestivity!

From a portrait by Alfred C. Johnston

L I L Y A N T A S C H M A N

Although dignified and stately, this is not one of Gainsborough's court ladies, but a frolicsome member of the 1917 edition of "Ziegfeld's Follies"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYGOER

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

PART III.

IT has often been pointed out that great actors rarely do anything for the drama of their own language in their own time, preferring to measure themselves with their mighty predecessors in the great parts of the great plays of the past.

It was said of John Kemble that he thought all the good parts had been written. Coquelin is the most obvious exception to this general rule. He created a host of characters in plays by his contemporaries, even if he won his major reputation by his performance of the characters Molière had composed for his own acting.

Neither Booth nor Jefferson was ever on the lookout for new plays; and although Irving brought out more novelties than either of the Americans, no one of these has established itself in the theatre now that it is no longer supported by his authority, not even the "Becket" of Tennyson or the "Charles I" of W. G. Wills.

It has even been suggested, and with not a little show of reason, that the contemporary drama is likely to languish when the stage is occupied by actors of commanding power and that it is only when the actor cannot domineer over the playwright that the contemporary drama has its chance to expand and to reveal the best of which it is capable.

But if Edwin Booth did nothing for the drama of his language, he did a great deal for his profession. He founded The Players, a club intended primarily for the actor, the dramatist and the manager, where they might mingle at ease with the practitioners of the allied arts of literature and music, painting, sculpture and architecture. Booth had long been considering a gift for the benefit of his calling. Edwin Forrest had left his house and his fortune to shelter superannuated members of the profession; but Booth preferred to make provision for the actors while they were still on the stage. He consulted his friends, Lawrence Barrett, E. C. Benedict and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It was on Benedict's yacht that he finally decided to establish a club; and it was Aldrich who suggested its name. He communicated his intention to Daly and to Palmer; and early in 1888 Daly gave a luncheon to which he invited the organizers of the new club. On the back of my bill of fare I find the autographs of Lawrence Barrett, William Bispham, Edwin Booth, S. L. Clemens, Augustin Daly, Joseph F. Daly, John Drew, Harry Edwards, Laurence Hutton, Joseph Jefferson, John A. Lane, James Lewis, Brander Matthews, Stephen Henry Olin, A. M. Palmer, and William T. Sherman.

Thereupon Booth bought 16 Gramercy Park; and Stanford White altered it and decorated it, so skilfully and so tastefully that it looked friendly and homelike on the night of its opening—the last night of 1889, when the donor read his deed of gift and The Players took possession of their future abode. In view of this project Booth had long been gathering portraits of actors, and he had purchased a similar collection made by his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke. The histrionic gallery of The Players is now worthy of comparison with the collection of the Garrick Club in London, which possesses no finer portrait than the picture of Booth himself, painted by John S. Sargent, and presented by E. C. Benedict. Among the paintings that Booth had acquired was a portrait of Washington and he hesitated to given us this with the others because it seemed out-of-place. He expressed this doubt to Aldrich, who instantly replied: "I see no objection to putting Washington by the side of the actors. He was our Leading Man!"

As a member of the committee on literature and art, I helped to arrange the books given to us by Booth and by Barrett; and I found wall-

EDWIN BOOTH
From a very early portrait

space in the hall for a long sequence of engraved portraits of the English kings which had served Booth in his performance of one or another of Shakespeare's historical plays. I told the man who was putting up the rails to accommodate these prints to arrange them in chronological order; and when I saw them on the walls I perceived that he had misinterpreted this direction. He had put them in alphabetical order, the four Georges preceding the eight Henrys, with the four Williams ending the procession.

FROM the very beginning the new club justified the hopes of its founder; and in it, amid congenial associations, Booth spent the last years of his life and in it he died, in the room which is kept just as it was when he was seized by his last attack. From the very beginning The Players had an atmosphere of its own which has endured for now a quarter of a century. It has its genial traditions and it has fulfilled its founder's purpose. Perhaps some part of its charm may be due to the gentle influence of Booth himself, surviving year after year. A British actor who had been a guest of The Players for a month once put this into words: "I don't see how it is here," he said, "but you seem to be different. On our side we talk about Irving or Henry Irving, but here you generally speak of the man who gave you this club as Mr. Booth." I had not before noted that this was our practise but I recognized it immediately as an instinctive tribute of involuntary respect.

It is sometimes asserted that actors are a curiously self-centered race of beings, often unduly conceited and even vain-glorious; and William Archer has suggested as an explanation that the circumstances of his art compel the comedian and the tragedian to persistent thought about his own person, since he has to live in a room lined with mirrors. Whatever justice there may be in the charge against certain members of the profession, I should like to put on record here my firm conviction that it does not lie against the leaders of the craft whom I have had the privilege of knowing intimately.

Booth and Irving, Jefferson and Coquelin and Barnay were as little forth-putting or self-valuing or intolerant as any men I have ever met. I do not mean to suggest that they were not severally conscious of their respective positions at the head of their profession. That knowledge they could not fail to possess. But they were none of them grudgingly jealous, as Macready disclosed himself to be in his diary; they were not self-assertive, being preserved from this by their indisputable eminence. In their several ways they were all modest, with a modesty not frequently found among artists in whatever art.

With no lack of the self-confidence necessary to their achievement they seemed to be simple-minded and without pretence. Perhaps this simple-mindedness was a little less evident in Coquelin and in Irving than in Booth and in Jefferson. Nothing could be more modest than a remark by Jefferson once made to me after he had been praising his half-brother, Charles Burke, the original performer of Rip Van Winkle:

"If my brother Charley had only lived the world would never have heard of me!"

This modesty did not prevent Jefferson from having the courage of his convictions. He knew what he liked and he knew why he liked it. I heard him say that the performance of Weber and Fields and Sam Bernard in the famous "skindicate" scene in one of their conglomerates of music and fun, was the finest piece of comic acting he had seen in New York that winter. On the other hand he did not relish the ultra-veracity of "Cavalleria Rusticana" as this was revealed by Duse and her excellent company on her first visit to America. He deplored the lack of a more poetic atmosphere for the tragic story.

"It's altogether too realistic," he declared. "Why, you could count the fleas in that Italian village!"

I ventured to suggest that if it had been a real Italian village, he could not have counted the fleas.

"What I mean is that there was no romance about it," he continued; "that girl wasn't seduced in the moonlight. She went into the barn."

I regret now that I could not have capped this with the witty remark of another friend to the effect that "Duse overacted her underacting." The quip had not then been uttered; but I have no doubt that Jefferson would have adopted it, if he could have heard it.

During one of Coquelin's engagements in New York a supper was given to him in the private dining-room of The Players; and I chanced to sit by the side of the leading man of the French company. The next time I saw Coquelin, he asked my opinion of this performer.

"Well," I responded, "he is a good enough actor, but I did not find him very intelligent."

White

Carl Formes, Percy Hemus, Thomas Chalmers, George Hamlin, Idelle Patterson, Kathleen Howard in "The Mock Doctor"

Along with the recent movement to present little plays in little theatres has come a similar venture in the operatic world. The Society of American Singers' season of short operas in the intimate auditorium of the Lyceum Theatre was highly successful. The whole audience saw everything that happened on the stage, and it heard every word that was sung, for everything was done in English. Mozart's "The Impressario" was one of the most delightful entertainments offered this season. Among other production were Pergolesi's "The Maid Mistress," the oldest opera bouffe in existence, a very diverting opera of Donizetti, "The Night Bell" which has many of the attractive features of the modern musical comedy, an amusing, but little-known work of Gounod, "The Mock Doctor," and a boyish effort of Mozart, the most famous of all musical child prodigies, "Bastien and Bastienne." The Society of American Singers was founded through the efforts of Albert Reiss whose characterization of Mime in Wagner's Ring Operas is famous the world over and who has for fifteen years been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. David Bispham, also, took an active part in the formation of the new organization. Mr. Reiss and his associates hope to carry on the activities of the Society on a larger scale next season

David Bispham and Florence Easton-Maclennan in "The Maid Mistress"

Lucy Gates and Albert Reiss in "The Night Bell"

AMERICAN SINGERS ACHIEVE SUCCESS IN OPERA COMIQUE

And Coquelin instantly returned: "But he has the intelligence of his profession. That is all any artist really needs in his calling, whether he is actor or musician or painter. Take Meissonier, for example, our greatest painter. Well, he is an old chump!—*c'est une vieille ganache.*"

This explains our frequent disappointment when we meet a practitioner of any one of the arts, whose work we have admired and who strikes us in conversation with him as less richly endowed than we had expected. We had looked for general intelligence, whereas all the artist had was the specific intelligence of his profession, the native gift for his own art. On the other hand the chiefs in any calling are likely also to possess a full share of general intelligence. Coquelin himself abounded in it, and so did Jefferson, as I had the privilege once of observing.

When Booth died we elected Jefferson as the President of The Players. I was then a member of the Board of Directors, and I soon observed that our new presiding officer was wholly inexperienced in parliamentary procedure. Unpractised as he was, his native shrewdness stood him in stead of experience. At one of our meetings we had to face a very awkward situation, complicated by the personal relation of two members of the Board with an absent member whose wilful negligence of duty called for discipline. The matter was brought before Jefferson who knew nothing at all about the facts; and it was a delight to see the clearness and the certainty with which his mind worked as he slowly possessed himself of all the details. When we adjourned, one of my associates as a director, who was one of the younger leaders of the bar, said to me: "Did you see what the old man did? He deduced the governing principle and applied it unerringly to a set of facts wholly novel to him. That is the faculty we need in the members of the Supreme Court—and don't always get!"

Besides this keen intelligence, Jefferson also had a quick wit. In the last years of his life we gave him a reception at the Authors' Club. I asked him what had been his most unfortunate experience on the stage. The saddest, he said, was when he was put forward at the early age of five to sing the *"Star Spangled Banner"* and when the words of the second stanza escaped his memory. Another member inquired what had been the pleasantest experience of his life, where-Jefferson smiled that winning smile of his and at once replied: "Why, this reception this evening of course!"

THE VAGABOND THEATRE

By WARREN WILMER BROWN

FANCY a tiny bit of a room done in the early Gothic manner, its walls covered with fanciful tapestry representations in softly modulated colors; add to the setting a few benches as sedate and as dignified as ancient church pews, wall brackets holding tall candles, and finally a stage hung with a bizarre patchwork curtain of more tints and far greater variety of pattern than Joseph's coat boasted at the height of its career—

Call up such a picture as this, and you will gain a very good idea of the physical aspect of Baltimore's Vagabond Theatre, said to be the smallest playhouse in the world.

This is among the latest, if not the very latest, of the little or "toy" theatres that, if they are doing nothing else, are at least contributing a great deal by way of novelty and interesting experimentation to dramaturgics in this country. It closed its first season a short time ago, not, as the I-told-you-so critics had fully expected and freely predicted, in the stumbling, weak-kneed, enervated manner that spells failure, but in a glow of success so bright that even the staunchest supporters of the project were astonished.

The Vagabond Theatre came through the "swaddling clothes" period without suffering any of the ills to which infant ventures of its kind are heir to. It has, so to speak, cut all of its teeth, learned to walk with steady step and sure, and now actually threatens to become the pet of the community.

More remarkable still, it has "earned its keep," as the saying is, and plans are being made for its second year's activities, which, it is promised, will be more ambitious and mature than those of the first, with the comforting knowledge that there's money in bank—in other words, a surplus.

It was not through the "cute tricks" expected of theatrical as well as other tots, that the Vagabond Theatre, however, has won such hearty patronage. Its purpose from the very first has been serious and the young people of its *personnel*—for, of course, they are young—have been guided by high ideals. They have consistently avoided triviality and have, on the whole, maintained standards of far more than average excellence. Starting out as amateurs, they are rapidly developing professional proficiency and assurance.

While the Vagabondists do not go in for the "papa, potatoes, prunes and prisms" school of drama, they have wisely eschewed plays whose appeal is essentially salacious, whose atmosphere is wholly unwholesome. But at the same time they avoid that which is trite, prudish and commonplace, making a special point of literary or dramatic merit, or individuality of theme and treatment, in their selection. The things they gave during their first season were designed and executed exclusively for an intimate entourage works which would never get a hearing in the ordinary playhouse or could not be heard if they did.

The repertoire was constructed in a way that indicated first-rate judgment, and the method of presentation showed equal appreciation of values. It is one of the chief factors of the success of the theatre that the productions were so skilfully keyed and so accurately built to scale, that they seemed actually to belong to their environment.

Five different groups of plays were given, each bill running a month with two performances a week. Seats were sold by subscription at the beginning of the season, and on certain nights single tickets were available. At every performance the house was crowded—if one may so speak of a place where only forty people can sit comfortably—and in a short time there was a waiting list.

THE first group of plays consisted of Henry L. Mencken's clever farce, "The Artist"; Nicolai Evrienov's harlequinade, "A Merry Death," and "Ryland," by Thomas Wood Stevens and Kenneth S. Goodman.

The second bill consisted of Eugene G. O'Neill's tragic "Bound East for Cardiff," Strindberg's "The Stronger" (thank Heaven it wasn't "Julia") and Maeterlinck's "Miracle of St. Anthony."

The third group comprised the Freudian farce, "Suppressed Desires," by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook; Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Contemporaries" and Padraic Colum's "The Betrayal."

The fourth month found the Vagabondists doing, and doing very well, too, an interesting interpretative pantomime, "The Song of Songs Which is Solomon's," by Adele Gutman Nathan, the producing director and chief guiding spirit of the theatre; "The Double Miracle," by Robert Garland, a well-written Sicilian melodrama, and Oliphant Downs' "Maker of Dreams."

The final group embraced Evrienov's strange "Theatre of the Soul"; Shaw's "Overruled," and Philip Moeller's "Helena's Husband."

"The Song of Songs, Which is Solomon's," and "The Artist" were given for the first time on any stage; "The Double Miracle" had not before been presented in this country, though it had one performance abroad. The authors of these pieces are all Baltimoreans.

The idea of the Vagabond Theatre originated, I have been told, with John Oldmixon Lambdin, a prominent Baltimore newspaperman. He made the "motion," and it was enthusiastically seconded simultaneously by Mrs. Nathan, her husband, James Nathan, Carol M. Sax, head of the department of design at the Maryland Institute, Charles G. Kerr and several others.

Plans for launching the project were formulated early last fall, a definite organization was effected, a room in the old St. James Apartments was leased, repairs made and decorations completed, all within the period of a few weeks.

There are no paid employees, "hirelings" nor "mercenaries" in the entire group of players. The casts are made up of Baltimore men and women, some of whom have had abundant experience in amateur theatricals, and considerable new talent of real worth has been discovered. Occasionally a visiting artist is invited to take part, the best-known "guest" player of the season having been Mme. Dupont-Joyce, the Tagore interpreter. She appeared in "The Stronger."

Anybody, who being given a rôle in a Vagabond play, displays an inclination to take a loaf, is promptly ostracised, hurled into the outer darkness. It is no place for those given to siestas or who make a fad of *dolce far niente*. Every body connected with the theatre has to work and work hard, and, what is best, for the love of the thing.

Much attention is given to *mise en scene*, lighting and costumes and some splendid results have been accomplished, thanks largely to the aid of a co-operating corps of artists.

The Vagabond Theatre has the support of many of Baltimore's best-known and most fashionable people, though its effort is by no means directed toward winning the approval of the socially elect. This effort is pre-eminently intelligent.

The Baltimore press has taken the Vagabondists under its wing. The notices all along have been favorable and space allotments, precious as honor in these days of luxurious shortage—have been generous.

Photos Jeanne Bennett

AUDITORIUM OF THE VAGABOND THEATRE, BALTIMORE

SCENE IN EVREINOV'S HARLEQUINADE, "A MERRY DEATH," A RECENT PRODUCTION AT THE VAGABOND THEATRE

THE SMALLEST PLAYHOUSE IN THE WORLD

STAGE DEGENERACY AN OLD CRY

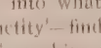
By CHARLES BURNHAM

"THE degeneracy of the stage in this city, is something appalling and should give those interested in the best in the theatre, cause for grave concern."

While words similar to the above sound quite modern these were penned some fifty years ago, when many people firmly believed that the stage was fast going to the dogs.

During the late sixties the lamenting Jeremiahs were in their glory, prophesying the utter demoralization of the drama and the speedy crumbling to pieces of the theatre as a social institution. This outburst was occasioned by the prodigious success attendant upon the production of "The Black Crook," which had taken place at Niblo's Garden, September 12, 1866. Press and pulpit became divided in their opinion as to the effect such an exhibition would have upon the theatre. Many there were who likened the city unto Sodom and Gomorrah for permitting it, while others praised it as "charming—a delight to the eye and really educational."

Divines in this and neighboring cities thundered forth from their pulpits denunciations upon the theatre, claiming the "utter disorganization of society if such extravagance in color, song and human form was permitted exposition before the public." Defenders answered back, "aged vestals clasp their attenuated hands over their thin breasts, and bless heaven that they are not within the gates of this wicked and accursed city of Sin! If a few deluded creatures, who can see beauty in nothing, and pass their lives in torturing themselves into what they conceive to be the 'odor of sanctity'—find a needed salve to their consciences in seeking to defame what their hard and sensual natures cannot understand as the realism of refinement, and the truest expression of the beautiful, it is to be hoped that time will teach them the utter fallacy of their foolish and vain-glorious predictions."



THE late Joseph Jefferson in speaking on the subject said: "The people went to see 'The Black Crook' not because it was bad, but because it had beautiful scenery and beautiful dancers and dancing. It was the beauty and not the vice that attracted them. It was its novelty and freshness, just as an epicure often prefers a clam-bake and an ear of green-corn to the most sumptuous dinner. People really like good better than evil; they would rather see a man who is walking a tight rope succeed than see him tumble. Besides after the 'Crook,' we had 'Julius Cæsar' for a hundred nights."

Scarcely had the excitement caused by the production of "The Black Crook" died away, when a new tempest in the tea-pot arose over the appearances of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company, or the "British Blondes," as they were familiarly called. The curiosity of the public had been aroused to an unusual degree by the advance publicity given to this organization and discussion pro and con as to the ultimate effect the appearance of this company would have upon the fortunes of the theatre, again occupied public attention. The first performance, which occurred on the evening of September 28, 1868, took place in the building then known as Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre, at the corner of Thirtieth Street and Broadway, the theatre which afterwards became more famous as Daly's. Previous to the opening many stories had been circulated that the women of the company were to appear upon the stage in costumes far more abbreviated than those seen in "The Black Crook."

Notwithstanding the dire predictions of the "uplifters of the drama," nothing dreadful happened, and instead of a demoralizing stage picture, there was witnessed a performance which received the hearty commendation of the assembled auditors, aptly described by a writer of the time as "an audience immense in size, immense in applause, immense in floral tribute, and a performance immense in success."

AGAIN there arose a wail from the Jeremiahs, and again press and public became divided in their opinions as to the good or evil of such an attraction. Some deprecated the new form of "leg drama" as it was termed, calling it an indecent invasion of the stage and an insult to the inhabitants of the city. Others looked upon it as a new form of entertainment of which the theatre stood in need, giving it welcome as a "performance of merit, both artistic and wholesome."

The play in which the company made their appearance, and which the lamenters decried as positive proof of the degeneracy of the drama, was Burnand's burlesque of "Ixion, the Man at the Wheel." The four leading women, Lydia Thompson, Ada Harland, Lisa Weber and Pauline Markham formed a quartette which for beauty, cleverness and grace, was a revelation to the theatre-goers of the city. Other members of the company equally proficient in their art, were Harry Beckett, William Mestayer, Sol Smith and the Logan sisters. Beckett afterwards joined Wallack's company and for many seasons was one of the most popular actors of the town. Pauline Markham who appeared in the burlesque as Venus, was considered the most beautifully formed woman who had ever appeared upon the stage, being hailed by many as the "legitimate successor of the original Lady Milo." The members of the company quickly established themselves as favorites, and while the male portion of the town were not slow in their admiration of the "Blondes," the female portion were not slow in casting disparaging remarks. Whenever the quartette appeared upon the streets they were followed by many admirers and by others not so favorably inclined. In a history of her life Miss Markham tells of an experience she had while walking on Broadway which showed how some people regarded them.

"The ladies stared hard at us, just as we, I presume, stared at them: and one tall young woman, in crimson silk, with point lace all over her, came up to me, and examining me from head to foot as if I was an animal in the Zoological Gardens, said to one of her companions loud enough to be heard by others: "*That* is one of those English actresses. Why, really, they look just like Americans, don't they?" To which her companion replied: "Yes—but what thick shoes she wears—and what a horrid bonnet—and I wonder where in England she got that hair."

THE young men with many of the elder ones were outspoken in their admiration, and helped fill the theatre at every performance, meanwhile besieging the stage door in crowds to bestow their attentions upon the women of the company. These admirers were not all "stage door Johnnies," for many prominent members of the artistic and literary world were also worshippers at the shrine of the "Blondes."

The stage door of Wood's Museum in those days was located in an alley at the rear of the building on Sixth Avenue, and it frequently happened that previous to and at the conclusion of a performance the passageway became so blocked with adorers, it was necessary to send for the police to clear a way for the company in their efforts to get in and out of the building. These promiscuous attentions were not confined to the stage door alone, but were quite in evidence in the front of the house, at times reaching such a point that the press took a hand in an effort to squelch their ardor.

"While conceding," said one writer, "that the blonde quartette, now playing at Wood's, have some merit and deserve some token of approbation from their audiences, there is a custom in vogue there to an extent fearful to contemplate among a number of 'nice young fellows' of boring the patience of an audience solely by throwing innumerable bouquets to their favorites. A neat nosegay is always a neat mark of appreciation, but when two or three young ninnies in a private box undertake to bestow fifteen or twenty tributes of this description in one evening, in volleys of two or three at a time, it is accepted as an evidence that fortune has made up in money what nature failed to supply in brains and average taste."

WHILE there was no doubt as to the hold the company had upon the theatre-going public, the women of the organization found themselves frequently assailed in and out of the press by those who styled themselves the upholders of the morals of the theatre. The color of their hair which gave rise to the soubriquet "the blondes," was a favorite point of attack, the accusation being made that dye had been used to secure the color which they had made the rage and that "the beautiful blonde hair which portions of our public seem to admire upon our stage are nothing more or less than well gotten up wigs. Nature played no part in their preparation."

In a public letter Miss Thompson replied to these attacks as follows: "The assertion is made that my hair is made fair by the use of artificial means, and that some people knew me when my hair was dark. I beg to assure you this is a mistake. My hair is now the natural color it was when nature first allowed it to grow, and it seems to be my misfortune that the prevailing fashion causes the use of hair dye to give it the golden hue which I did not have when dark was the vogue." Some years afterwards when Miss Thompson and Miss Markham were not the best of friends the latter made the statement that none of the women of the company had originally possessed blonde hair.

One of the most prominent literary men of the time became greatly infatuated with one of the quartette and took up the cudgels in their defense. In one of his articles he wrote: "None can deny the beauty and accomplishment of these English women or the modesty with which they disport themselves. Miss Thompson is not only a beautiful woman, but an artist. Miss Markham might conquer by her loveliness alone. Like Miss Thompson, she is a blonde, gifted with a winning face and a (*Concluded on page 52*)

Lewis Smith

NORA BAYES

Who has been offering a novel entertainment to Broadway — two hours of song

White

PAUL SWAN

Well-known Greek dancer who appeared at the dedication of the National Sylvan Theatre in Washington

REGINA BADET

In "The Moonlight Dance," a scene in her latest photo play, "Atonement"

© *International Film Service*

SIGNOR CARUSO

Sailing from New York to fill operatic engagements in South America

White

YVONNE GOURAUD

Daughter of a well-known first-nighter and now appearing in "The Passing Show of 1917"

INTERESTING PEOPLE IN THE MIMIC WORLD

NO CLOSED SEASON FOR VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL

WHILE the shutters are up on most Broadway playhouses and producers for the legitimate theatre are busied with tryouts for the forthcoming season, vaudeville rolls along merrily with the portals of very few of its amusement temples closed. Each week for fifty-two weeks a year acts are being tried out "somewhere in the United States" for the two-a-day with the Palace as their objective point and the work of planning and preparing goes on continuously for there is no closed season to bring a lull.

It is a heterogenous assortment of acts constituting the month's product of stellar features. Of course, vaudeville is variety and variety is vaudeville and one expects a dash of this, a touch of that and a sprinkling of something else with spices and seasoning *ad infinitum,* the whole combining to make a palatable dish even though not a heavy one. However, it is not a single vaudeville bill we are concerned with but rather a series of them and the diversified character of the important offerings of the period is impressive.

It may be true city folks now view their country cousins with more kindly eyes since the humble tillers of the soil have been heralded as the mighty saviors of the nation, still stage caricatures of rural residents are yet in favor as witness the shrieks of laughter which greeted Charles Withers' performance as the "op'ry" house manager in "For Pity's Sake," a travesty melodrama in four acts.

The setting depicted the stage of the town hall in the days of candle burning footlights. In the loft above repaired the manager to work the many effects to the thorough delight of the audience. On the stage below was presented the thrilling melodrama, "For Pity's Sake," which was so bad that when the many-sided manager announced that he had decided to run pictures in the future and abandon the drama to its fate the spectators readily appreciated the wisdom of his decision. At the intermission when this momentous announcement was made the impressario retailed important town gossip and then the performance resumed to meet an untimely conclusion when one of the characters on the stage inadvertently dismantled the stove pipe and threatened to flood the theatre with smoke. That accident provoked the "op'ry" house man to instant action and brought the curtain down upon a scene of great disorder.

A highly divering entertainment was "For Pity's Sake," staged with due appreciation of comedy values and depending for most of its humor upon the splendid characterization of Mr. Withers as Sed Sarogins. The program was strangely silent as to the author and sponsor of the novelty.

The same bill presented Joseph Santley, matinée idol and musical comedy favorite, who with Ivy Sawyer and a company of seven consisting mostly of girls, sang and danced his way through a musical concoction labelled "The Girl on the Magazine," so called because it purports to lyrically relate the adventures of a young man who visits many climes seeking a girl whose face reproduced on a magazine cover has enchanted him.

There are several scenes and songs including melodies by Irving Berlin, Jean Schwartz, Buck and Stamper, Mr. Santley and others, and while "The Girl on the Magazine" will never be handed down to posterity it will suffice for the time Mr. Santley has set apart for himself in vaudeville. Even a music publisher's claque can't make Mr. Santley's agreeable personality any more agreeable than it really it.

Coming out of the Middle West just a few short years ago, Henry Lewis, who sings, dances, recites, monologues and "squidgulums" (definition known only to its creator, Mr. Lewis) has proved himself a most welcome surprise. If there are any more Henry Lewises where he came from, Broadway is waiting for them. Original and unique is this "squidgulumist" but his return to vaudeville is limited for the theatrical paragraphers have recorded it that he is to be featured in a new Shubert production in the fall after scoring with Anna Held in "Follow Me."

JANE CONNELLY, aided and abetted by her husband Erwin Connelly, serving in the dual capacity of author and actor, contributes her second vehicle of the season, "Betty's Courtship," which is quite as refreshing and dainty as the petite artiste herself. "Betty's Courtship," according to the program, is a comedy of modern life for those who have reached the age when a strong cup of tea "does them a world of good," and, according to the audience, Miss Connelly fulfills the same function only she stimulates all ages and classes of theatre-goers whether tea drinkers or not.

© *Moffett*

IVY SAWYER
Singing and dancing in vaudeville with Joseph Santley in "The Girl on the Magazine"

Versatile Louise Dresser, equally at home in the drama, musical comedy or vaudeville, may be forgiven for almost anything even for a war sketch that is not as well played as the dramatic playlet, "For Country." Miss Dresser apparently cannot make her ambition behave and it would not be surprising if she should essay Ophelia. However, that is comment outside the province of this paper which has to do with "For Country," which is, as is to be expected of playlets dealing with such a grewsome theme, sordid and has a tendency to be suggestive.

It tells the story of a Belgian peasant girl (Miss Dresser) who beguiles an enemy officer into remaining in her fascinating presence until it is too late to blow up a bridge over which the defending troops are approaching. The suspense is well sustained to the curtain when another officer appears and shoots his comrade dead after denouncing him as a traitor. Also it is well played by the prepossessing Miss Dresser, Roy Gordon and William Mason Wright, Jr.

From the first line of defense, the navy, came W. J. Reilly, a jackie from the U. S. S. *Michigan,* winning by the sheer strength of his merit as a pianologist rather than as a member of the U. S. N. A good voice, a surprisingly good stage presence and ability to play the piano carried conviction with the Palace audience, which is the acknowledged most critical of all vaudeville audiences. Reilly was introduced by G. P. Martinson, a quartermaster in the navy who seized the occasion to do a little recruiting. Then the sailor proceeded to prove that after his term of enlistment or the duration of the war, should he choose, he can make good on the vaudeville stage.

Of course, not a new figure in vaudeville but still commanding attention under the classification of new acts because she always invests her novel and unique form of entertainment with new features on every visit is Eva Tanguay, for some time heralded as "the evangelist of joy." The "don't care" comedienne gets into the spirit of the times with a sailor song done with a characteristic Tanguay costume and with a hornpipe. Other numbers are presented with gorgeous scenic investments in the way of garments carefully colored and attuned to the wearer's distinctive personality. Perhaps the most familiar with vandeville entertainers in New York, Miss Tanguay still manages to be a novelty.

That nimble and natty pair of dancers, Doyle and Dixon, who are always either just returning from musical comedy to vaudeville or leaving vaudeville for musical comedy, have made another return to their first love. Every time they leave, a vacancy is created which is never quite filled until they themselves appear in the offing. Any way, they are back again and great is rejoicing among their admirers.

For about three years Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler have been adding to the gaiety of the nation with Porter Emerson Browne's one-act play, "Married." Every time they reappear the spectator detects some new "business" in their performance and finds something more to laugh at in a sketch which is already crowded with comedy. As the inebriated gentleman who believes himself married to the aphasia-afflicted society girl, Mr. Mason has come to be regarded as a vaudeville classic while the graceful Miss Keeler contributes her charms to the act.

Photos Charlotte Fairchild

AUDITORIUM OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES GOODRICH'S PRIVATE THEATRE

This unique little theatre presents many interesting features. One enters through a high iron gate into a garden-court and thence into a peacock-paved vestibule with many mirrored doors. Upstairs are the gentlemen's smoking room and a full-fledged kitchen to revive the jaded spirits of the cast during strenuous rehearsals. The body of the theatre has a seating capacity of two hundred but gives the impression of a very restrained, luxuriously furnished room. Small painted benches with overhanging cushions of hand-dyed velvet take the place of conventional chairs. A group of actors known as the Blythelea Players, has been formed to produce plays at regular intervals, and the productions of many of the best contemporary foreign and American dramatists will be presented. The theatre was dedicated with a Masque by Mr. Greenley and Mr. George Mitchell

SCENE IN THE MASQUE WHICH DEDICATED THE THEATRE

PRIVATE THEATRES IN MILLIONAIRE HOMES

No. 1—Playhouse on the Estate of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Goodrich, Llewellyn Park, N. J.

ACTORS WHO HAVE "COME ACROSS"

THE actors' profession may well be proud of the record its members are making in the present war. From its commencement it has been represented at the front and at this moment one actors' club has eleven members holding places of importance in the Allied forces. This is the Players' Club which is most gratified by the part its sons have taken in the war while the Lambs, with as many in the officers' training camps, looks forward prospectively to their attaining laurels.

At the first breaking of the hostilities Lionel Walsh (Players' Club) cancelled a professional engagement and sailed for England on August 7, 1914, enlisting with the Territorials. He became a Captain in the Dublin Fusiliers but was transferred to another regiment of which he was appointed a brevet major. So ardent was his desire for active service that when he heard the Dublin Fusiliers were ordered to the front he at once transferred back again. As a Captain of First Cavalry in that regiment he was killed on July 3, 1916.

Captain Allan Pollock was severely wounded six weeks ago in the face and jaw; he is recovering in the hospital. Three months after the war began Pollock quit his engagement in the Billie Burke company and got a commission in the Fifteenth Argyle and Southern Highlanders with whom he has seen service until the casualty.

Not a single member of either the Lambs' or the Players' has served with the German forces, rather a surprising statement when it is remembered how large a membership each club has, and of how many nationalities it is made up. Three Players' men have received official recognition for valor. They are Leslie Faber, now a lieutenant in the London Fusiliers, awarded the Military Cross, and Jacob Wendell and Charles Hoffbauer who have been decorated by France with the Croix de Guerre.

In the roster of brave men of whom their brother actors are so proud to-day are William Widdicombe, a Lieutenant of the Artists' Rifles; George Relph, London Rifles; Julien L'Estrange, Lieutenant Commander Aviation Corps; Evan Simpson, Lieutenant Artillery; Wilfred Draycott, London Home Guards; Harrison Carter in Munitions Department, England; Edward Fitzgerald and T. H. Robins.

Philip Merivale, who left the "Harp of Life" company last winter, is now in France with a Canadian troop. Guy Standing served on a motor boat in the early days but has been transferred to a clerical position in London in the War Department.

At Plattsburg where the young army is being rushed and officers are being graduated there are many actors, some of them seen so lately on the metropolitan stage as last month. Among them are Major Reginald Barlow, Humphrey Turner Nichols, Paul McAllister, Wright Kramer, Earle Boothe, Evarts Tracy, Watson White, Wadsworth Camp, F. S. Green, Philip S. Curtis. The last named, however, is now an officer in a Connecticut regiment.

There was never a question that the men of the stage had among their stock of human qualities courage and the love of adventure. It is true that the profession of acting has settled down to a veritable hum drum walk in life, almost like any other; if a man has talent for it he trains for the parts he can most easily and naturally portray and there is no good reason so long as plays are produced and theatres kept open why he should not make a decent living by his so-called art. In other words the general acceptance of the necessity of actors has taken whatever seemed, and probably was, the element of adventure out of the actor's life.

That it did not take it out of his character was demonstrated early in the present war. When England woke out of her dream and realized that, except for her fleet she was totally unprepared either to help Belgium or protect herself she sought, as an instant way and mean, to encourage

CAPTAIN ALLAN POLLOCK
Popular actor seen in "Seven Days" and later with Billie Burke, who has been severely wounded at the front

enlistment. However slack was the response from other professions and arts the actors came forward in such numbers that it seemed that for a time theatres would have to be closed for there were no actors to fill casts. A very satisfactory response came from the stage in its every department: actor, scene shifter, carpenter. Except for the bad moral effect a closed theatrical season might have been the result. A good many theatres were kept open in London during the first winter of the war only after great difficulties in the way of replacing actors who had volunteered had been overcome.

VERNON CASTLE, a dancer to be sure, who had evolved from musical comedy, was the first to go from here, and he did not hesitate. The call to arms had scarcely been sounded in Great Britain before he sailed to join his Aeronautic division and he was almost immediately followed by several young English actors who had already arrived in this country and were beginning rehearsals for the August productions. Instances where men of prominence in the profession were summoned or hastened voluntarily to the seat of war will be recalled, for at that time, when the drastic nature of the conflict was not appreciated at its fullest, the public had a feeling of indignation when it saw its legitimate entertainers depart. This was not wholly selfish, the common expression being that other men could more readily be spared.

The same eagerness to be in it "out there" is being manifested by the actors now that our nation has issued the call, no longer seeing an honorable possibility of standing aloof. In the training camps already are numbered actors, and singers, representatives, indeed, of all the "artistic" professions.

Rupert Hughes of "Excuse Me" fame is hard at work on the staff of Governor Whitman at Albany and whatever literary work he had laid out for himself to do has necessarily to be postponed. The young son of the late Richard Mansfield has donned the khaki and longs for active service. Philip Coudert has abandoned all singing dates for summer and is training at Plattsburg; in every training camp there are representatives from every branch of the stage and actors will be among the first units to sail presumably in August.

Certain young actresses have announced their intention to train for the Flying Corps during the present summer and there is no doubt that they will keep their word, inspired by the novelty of "air work." Mrs. Castle broached the subject as a plan of her own to her husband when he was over on a furlough visit but it met with small encouragement. Ruth Rose, daughter of Edward E. Rose, playwright and herself a highly regarded actress, is already in France running an auto and taking care of two others in the Red Cross work. At the work rooms for Relief of the Wounded in the War which was organized by Rachel Crothers among stage women the talk is of no other subject but how to do their bit in various phases of army service. The musicians among professional woman are organizing a band for, strange to say, in the present war there has been a dearth of drum and fife players and the need has penetrated here. In England all the hum drum professors of counter point and composition are at the front, getting a new angle on their art by playing wind instruments in regimental bands.

Elsie Janis expects to go to Fontainebleau for a summer change but not for rest. At this centre of military hospitals for the section of Seine et Marne there is a pitiful need of nurses. Miss Janis has been sending comfort kits to this centre and now feels like doing her bit there.

In this connection arises the pathetic story of a very dear friend of Elsie Janis, who, as was rumored in theatrical circles would have been nearer to her, but he died at Fontainebleau. Basil Hallam is the name of the heroic young actor. At his first attempts to enlist he was rejected on account of a weakness of the heart. So he continued to fill his engagement as leading man at the St. James. The newspapers and particularly the so-called society sheets, ignorant of the circumstances, maliciously queried why this apparently robust young actor had not gone to the front and their insinuations so preyed on Hallom's mind that he induced an examining surgeon to put him through. He did get to the trenches but died in them, not from a gun shot wound, but from physical exhaustion.

Huntley Wright, a brother of Haidee, was to have come over last summer and again it was hoped that he would be here to rehearse in one of the early fall productions, but he has been in France in active service since a year ago this August and will continue in it. Kennerley Rumford, husband of Clara Butt and Campbell McInnis, a well-known actor, are in the same regiment, the Hertfordshire, as was also Charles Scott Gatty, a celebrated composer of light opera and a theatrical promotor. He was a son of Sir Alfred Scott Gatty (*Concluded on page 52*)

Photos Alfred C. Johnston

GLADYS SLATER

ALBERTA TURNER

ELEANOR DELL

MURIEL MARTIN

DOROTHY KOFFE

JUST GIRLS—A GROUP OF "MIDNIGHT FROLIC" BEAUTIES

FAMOUS RELICS AT THE BELASCO

THE player's dressing room is always a place of fascination and mystery to the layman. There is one dressing room in particular that is full of interest—the star's dressing room in the Belasco.

When this theatre was being built, David Belasco determined to make all the dressing rooms and particularly that of the star, not only comfortable and inviting, but attractive to the eye as well, and to accomplish this end he spared neither time nor expense. That he succeeded well is attested by a visit to the star's room. It lacks nothing for the comfort or convenience of its occupant, which, at the present time, is Frances Starr, now appearing in "Little Lady in Blue." Miss Starr and Mr. Belasco's other star, David Warfield, both regard this room as a sort of "second home."

On the door leading to the dressing room is a large star enclosed in a glass case and bearing this inscription: "Worn by William Charles Macready and Edwin Booth as 'Hamlet,'" and underneath the words: "This star was originally the property of William Charles Macready. It passed into the possession of Edwin Booth, by whom it was given shortly before his death in 1893 to Percy Winter, who in turn presented it to David Belasco, June 16, 1907."

The room itself is all that an actor or actress, even with the most exacting tastes, could wish for. It is furnished luxuriously, yet simply. Its chairs are all easy and inviting and its couches are a boon to the player who may snatch a few moments' rest between waits or before a performance. Adjoining it, is a private bath, equipped with all the latest improvements.

A feature of extraordinary interest is the Green Room, adjoining the star's dressing room, which with its collection of valuable momentos is without doubt the most unique feature in any New York theatre.

Perhaps no more valuable collection ever has been housed outside a museum than the one-time possessions of Edwin Booth, John T. Raymond, Adelaide Neilson, Lucille Weston, Edwin Forrest, Tomasso Salvini and other celebrities that repose in this room. Among the first objects that attract attention are the several momentos of Edwin Booth that were used by him in his greatest parts. There is the spear he used

© *Ira L. Hill*

Star worn by Macready and Booth as Hamlet and now on the door of the star's dressing-room at the Belasco Theatre

as "Hamlet," the sword he wielded as "Brutus," the sceptres he carried as "King Lear" and "Richard the III," the knife and scales of his "Shylock," and the cap he donned in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Near these reposes his make-up box and his favorite reading lamp, an odd and attractive affair, that sheds a charming glow.

Several objects that belonged to Adelaide Neilson also occupy prominent positions, including a rosary she wore as Amy Robsart in the play of the same name, several unique buckles, and a ring with an inscription presented by her to Mr. Belasco during her last engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco.

Memories of the time when Mr. Belasco was an actor are revived by a sword hanging on the wall, which was presented to him by the late Mrs. D. B. Bowers at Virginia City, Nevada. This sword belonged to James C. McCollom, the husband of Mrs. Bowers, and was used by him in various characters. It was carried by Mr. Belasco when playing Malcolm in "Macbeth," while acting in support of Mrs. Bowers.

A dagger used by Tomasso Salvini and presented to Mr. Belasco by that notable Italian actor on April 26, 1885, at the Academy of Music where he was playing "Othello" is another interesting object. Close beside it hang other unique daggers that once were the property of Adelaide Neilson and Charles Kean.

Cuff-links worn by John T. Raymond as Colonel Seller, shoe buckles that belonged to Edmond Kean, a rosary used by Madame Ristori in "Mary Stuart," and which was brought direct from the Holy Land, and a patch box belonging to Mrs. Nesbit, who was the original Miss Toth-eringay in Thackeray's novel, "Pendennis," and who also created the rôle of Lady Gay Spanker in Boucicault's play, "London Assurance," are other pieces of this valuable collection.

There is also a unique clock presented to Mr. Belasco by Lady Meaux in London in 1900 and a letter written by P. T. Barnum concerning Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren.

Sarah Bernhardt is represented by an odd bracelet, while a brooch and ring worn by Lucille Weston occupy other places of honor.

Not the least interesting is the carved wood top-piece of the billboard which stood in the lobby of Booth's Theatre at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, which has now long since passed into memory.

TOLD AT THE LAMBS CLUB

GEORGE GROSSMITH was once singing the Lord Chancellor's song in "Iolanthe," which has for its refrain, *"Said I to myself, said I,"* when something caught fire at the back of the stage. Grossmith himself wasn't aware of the occurrence; but he suddenly saw the audience jump from their seats, and turn their backs to him.

At the same moment the stage manager from the wings shouted to Grossmith: "Don't stop singing! Go on, go on!"

Grossmith immediately grasped the situation, and sang fortissimo some words that came to him on the spur of the moment:

I assure my friends who are ready to choke,
That the fire they fear is nothing but smoke;
It's only a sort of Gilbertian joke,
Says I to myself, says I.

This gag, which at any other time would have been extremely reprehensible in a Gilbertian opera, calmed the panic, and the audience resumed their seats.

BERNARD SHAW was asked if a critic ought to tell the story of the play in his notice the next morning. The satirist answered as follows:

"If a critic does not tell the story of the play, how are those who have not seen it to know what he is talking about? The people who want surprises should cut out the notices, and not read them until after they have seen the play. My own special grievance is the abject failure of the critics to tell the story of my plays. Only one critic mastered the last act of 'Lady Barbara.' He was not a professional critic, but a conspicuously able public man, and a student of ethics. It cost him four visits to master it. Critics should see my plays every night for a week at least before they attempt to divulge the story."

ARNOLD DALY says that once, when he was talking to Bernard Shaw, the latter admonished him, "If you wish to get on in the world, never take anybody's advice."

"This," said Daly, "resolved itself into a paradox; for, if I took Mr. Shaw's advice, I was taking somebody's advice, and, if I took somebody's advice, then I should never get on; yet, if I didn't take Mr. Shaw's advice, I shouldn't get on, and—well, I concluded that Bernard Shaw was one of those people, whom, as Lord Dundreary says, 'No feller can understand.'"

G. P. HUNTLEY told of an incident that took place at an East End theatre in London. The "gods" were booing the piece and throwing chunks of bread at the performers.

At last the star came forward and said: "Now look here! We're trying out best to amuse you. Throw bread, if you like; but," he added, as he stopped and picked up a chunk, "thank heaven I'm not too proud to eat it!"

The gods were vanquished.

BEERBOHM TREE was once afforded opportunity to exercise his wit at the expense of his distinguished colleague, Sir Charles Wyndham, when he made his first production of "David Garrick" in London.

"Charles," exclaimed Tree, with a suavity alarming in him, when "Garrick" had run for a week or two. "I must say that you grow more like Garrick every day."

"That's awfully good of you, old chap," returned Wyndham, with a gratified smile.

"And," proceeded Tree, after an ominous pause, "less like him every night."

A LITTLE later Tree himself was the victim of a witticism, and that from the lips of that true wit, William S. Gilbert. Tree, who was then struggling with "Hamlet," his most unsuccessful rôle, was for some reason or other anxious to learn Gilbert's views touching his performance. The author of "The Mikado" endeavored to evade the request but, in view of Tree's persistance, was finally obliged to accede.

"Tree," said he, blithely, "I don't mind telling you that in one respect your 'Hamlet' is really the most satisfying I've ever seen."

"Ah!" exclaimed Tree, pleased, "And in what respect?"

"It is funny without being vulgar," said the noted author.

MR. BEAUNASH ON MEN'S FASHIONS

By J. HARRY CONNOR

Mr. Beau Nash, the well-known sartorial authority, will hereafter give a monthly chat to THEATRE readers

RICHARD NASH, Grand Sachem of the Tribe of Fashion Tipters (known to his contemporaries as "Beau Nash") condensed a world of meaning into a word capsule, when he said: "Lax your gaiters, laxer in your gait." Though his body is dust, his spirit goes marching on in spats.

Beau Nash, inheritor of the mantle of the historic Beau Nash, has come to be accepted as an authority on men's dress, though he would be the first one to assume the rôle of crystal-gazer into the Glass of Fashion.

A Beau Brummel of George II's period

Rather is it his contention that no "fashion authority" exists and that the most any writer can be is an understanding commentator upon contemporary modes and manners which Beau Nash maintains, are always a faithful interpreter of the times we live in.

Beau Nash has been taken for a woman, a syndicate, a fanatic, a haberdasher's clerk, a theatrical critic, a well-known first nighter, a French Count, a society lion, Mr. Carter de Haven and many other characters, real or imaginary. Few men know him by sight, as he prefers the wings to the limelight.

Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to hear somebody exclaim at the play, "I'd just like to see what that fellow Beau Nash looks like," while "that fellow" is sitting directly in front of him hiding his chin inside his collar and nibbling a program in the agony of his embarrassment.

Many people follow Beau Nash, many sneer at him, some get mad at him, but everybody reads him. He has the knack, at least, of being interesting and witty and he is, moreover, something of a literary stylist. He contrives, always to convey the impression that he is poking fun at his subject, his reader and himself.

Commissioned by THE THEATRE MAGAZINE to strip the mask and wig from Beau Nash, I ferreted him out in his private office in lower Fifth Avenue, New York.

I found him smoking a cigar in a gold-and-amber holder and gazing into space with the air of the Melancholy Dane.

"Have a cigar—no? Then, a cigarette"—he asked, rising and sliding an inlaid box of monogrammed ones toward me. I took it eagerly, thinking out loud that this cigarette must be, considering its source, super-superlative.

"I don't know," replied Beau Nash "for I don't smoke them. However, everyone expects a fashion writer to smoke monogrammed cigarettes, just as the provinces feign to believe that every chorus girl prefers gilded sin to cotton stockings, and ends it all by committing peroxide. So, to preserve the dramatic unities or plausibilities, or whatever play-writing chaps call it, I keep them about me."

"Now," I said, puffing away contentedly, "tell me—how did you come to take up writing about men's dress?"

"Well, you see, having been born without any clothes, the subject naturally interested me at a very early age, and—"

Perceiving that nothing was to be gained by following the lead, I interrupted hastily:

English gentlemen dressed in the fashionable mode of their day

"What are your favorite actors, your favorite hobbies, sports, diversions, and that sort o'thing?"

"Ahem!" steepling his fingers. "My favorite actor is John Drew, my favorite actress is Jane Cowl; my favorite ambition is to invent a self-starter on an opera hat that will make it open and shut at the press of a button; my favorite aversion is rings on men's fingers; my favorite reading is the food advertisements on the street cars; my favorite recreation is sleeping; my favorite indoor sport is to go about among New Yorkers and keep them 'guessing whether I'm a three-legged man or a two-headed calf; my favorite dish is a rum omelet without eggs; my favorite—"

"Thanks!" I cut him off, "Now would you mind letting the readers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE know where you get your fashions from?"

"Oh! I get them any old where, from out of the subway to out of my head. When the well of inspiration runs dry, I just fill it up by inventing a few things like overcoats for married men with pockets that automatically eject silk stockings and sleeves that don't show blonde hairs."

As this line of questioning seemed to bring me up against a blank wall, I shifted my point of attack.

"Really, you know," I said with my best drawing-room flourish, "I expected to find you a sort of combination of Norse, Viking, Greek, Mercury and the immortal Van Bibber. You haven't got the *blasé* air and leaden-lidded eyes that most men associate with the fashionable *flâneur*."

As a matter of fact, Beau Nash is smallish and thickset, with humorous Irish eyes, a pointed mustache, the high color of the English sportsman and a nervous habit of running his palm down the back of his abundant wavy hair, romantically flecked with gray.

"Well," he replied, "you remind me of that old, old story current about Miss Rose Stahl. They say somebody asked her what was the hardest thing an actress had to do and she retorted that it was trying to live up to her lithographs. Same way with a fashion writer. I long ago gave up trying to live up to my fashion articles."

"You're doing pretty well," I thought, looking an eighty-five dollar suit in the lapels, flanked by a twelve-dollar shirt, a four-dollar cravat and twenty-dollar boots, while on the desk lay a pair of chamois gloves with gold monogram buttons designed by Beau Nash and executed by Tiffany.

Over in the corner leaned a black ebony stick with a gold disk so sunken into the grooved top, as to be invisible, unless you looked straight down. It was etched with a deep monogram.

"Oh, that!" said Beau Nash, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, miraculously well-kept, "is one of my little inventions. I don't fancy a stick with a gold top that shows, so it occurred to me to have the gold monogram plate put down in a groove. Like a cramp in your tummy, you can't see it, but you know it's there."

Beau Nash contrives to give whatever he says about men's dress an epigrammatic twist. Here are some of his *bon mots!*

A well-dressed man of the time of George I

"I have no use for hinge-kneed flunkeys, whose bodies are here, but whose hearts are abroad.

"Ideas of fashion are pitched in as many keys as the snores on a Pullman sleeper. No one fashion is becoming to all men.

"In New York you may have the morals of a bushman, if only you have the modes and manners of a cosmopolitan.

"True fashion is like a window pane through which you look without being conscious it's there.

"Fashion is to Dress what mayonnaise is to salad or meringue to pudding—the spice.

"New York is the city of quick fashion changes just as to-night's brunette is to-morrow morning's blonde.

"A fellow once wrote me to ask if I prescribed riding breeches while drinking a pony of brandy.

"Some men in evening dress look like waiters, though many waiters would be ashamed to look like some men.

"I dislike Bohemia, its bathless vulgarity, its self-winding spaghetti, its grapeless wine.

"Englishmen are the best-dressed men in the world, but Americans are the best looking."

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By MLLE. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES

THE whir of the electric fan, the tinkle of ice in tall refreshing beakers of lemon squash and other signs of Summer accompany the appearance of the first warm weather fashions in New York and in those resorts whither New York betakes itself when the heated term is really "on."

And (low be it whispered) while mid-July coquettes in the very near distance, the smartest women are still seen here and there in distinctly demi-saison toilettes.

The fact that many of the smartest women of fashion have given husbands, brothers, sweethearts or sons to the Harbor Patrol in Newport has given a distinctly nautical touch to feminine fashions as designed for wear at our most exclusive Summer resort, and here as elsewhere the stamp of military severity contributes a smart and swagger touch to most of the new frocks; even evening dresses showing in cut or color some hint of the martial mood of the moment.

Even in the June weddings where the Summer fashions are always correctly presaged, the stamp of war-time sentiment showed itself distinctly. And as for the entertainments of the Summer, mere dancing and flirting are quite insufficient to lure our smartest girls and matrons into their newest frocks—Philanthropy and War Relief is the watchword of hostesses who capture the loveliest and most fashionable women these evenings of entertainment.

The Fund for War Foundlings has been the beneficiary of a number of really smart dances at Tuxedo during June and the report of their success has gone forth to Newport and the Long Island colonies with the result that similar causes will be benefitted by almost every fashionable ball of the Summer season. Mrs. Vincent Astor is one of a number of prominent hostesses who are arranging several fine entertainments for the Summer, each of which will enable the hostess and every one of the guests to "do her bit."

* * *

The prettiest of the June weddings (and June, 1917, will long be remembered as the month of an unusual number of smart nuptials) was without a doubt the beautifully simple ceremony by which Alice Huntington, sister of Mrs. Astor, became Mrs. Charles H. Marshall early in the month. It seems impossible that it is three years since we all flocked up to Hopeland House to Helen Huntington's wedding, and to no one does the flight of time seem more rapid than to the smiling young Astors, who looked even more bridal at the second wedding than at their own.

Mrs. Astor wore a peachy gown of white and apricot which has been so fully described in society columns that I will add nothing except to mention the fact that it was designed by the new man in Paris who has created all of Mary Garden's loveliest frocks of recent weeks. I say weeks advisedly since Miss Garden only discovered the latest furor of fashionable New York late in April. Mrs. Marshall has captured several frocks by the same originator of exquisite gowns and each is stamped with a chic and cachet of its own, utterly distinct from any other creation of the consummate artist whom Miss Garden has christened "Jovi."

* * *

One of the gowns in her trousseau is an absurdly youthful creation in which are blended orange velvet and silver lace—two fabrics unutterably dowager when combined by any less masterly hand than "Jovi's." Jovi, by the way, received his name because (so Miss Garden writes me) he combines the dash and originality of Joffre with the tact and judgment of Viviani. Emphatically he has shown these qualities in the marvels he executed for Alice Huntington's trousseau. The arrangement in silver and orange shows a petticoat of silver lace with a draped tunic of softest orange chiffon velvet caught up by tiny silver oranges nestling in clusters of glossy leaves. The tunic shows a gleaming lining of white gauze shot with silver, and the pointed Castilian bodice of orange has shoulder straps and tiny sleeves of the same gleaming gauze. At the shoulder each bretelle meets a flat rosette of greeny blue satin from which depends two or three silver oranges swinging from tiny chains of gleaming rhinestones. An immense buckle of the same brilliant stones is posed at the left of the bodice well above the waist line and catches a fan of yellow plumes hanging from a rosette of the same greeny blue satin seen at the shoulder straps.

* * *

Another Jovi frock that finds a place in Mrs. Marshall's trousseau is inspired by the electric blue worn by certain grades of service in the navy. Cadet blue is the name given the odd, zinc-colored tint, and until an inspired Frenchman saw fit to combine it with the bright red of our own flag, I had no ideas of its sartorial possibilities. As developed by Jovi, the frock chosen by Miss Huntington for one of her smartest afternoon gowns is of clinging chiffon cloth of the blue with a smart fatigue jacket-shaped something like a rounded bolero of the same color but of taffeta smothered in silver braiding laid over a foundation of bright red. A sash, quite four yards in length is wound tightly about the chemisette waist under the jacket, and is tied in deep loops with long ends of irregular length. The sash is of the soft red taffeta and it is braided on the reverse side, the silver gleaming from the folds with every movement of the wearer. Soft grey suede shoes with hose clocked in scarlet finish this costume which is of a chic unbelievable.

* * *

Miss Hope Colgate will step into distant relationship with the Duchess of Marlborough presently when she becomes the bride of William Travers Jerome, whose father is a nephew of the former Lady Randolph Churchill.

Mr. Jerome has captured one of the most smartly gowned girls in America in the person of Miss Colgate who dresses with originality, captivating and chic to a degree. Miss Colgate and her fiancé have not followed the absurd custom of avoiding each other in public and have been seen together at all the smart out-of-door events so popular with the Long Island set during the past month. At the last of the United Hunt meetings Miss Colgate wore a very novel sport costume of khaki-colored Bolivia with baggy "kit" pockets crossed with the red velvet of the Geneva convention. The same red cross gave a military air to her perky little hat of khaki-toned hemp and reappeared on the deep square collar of her coat. A large Summer scarf of golden fox exactly matching the tint of her costume and tan shoes and hosiery made this quite the most successful one-color creation at the meet.

* * *

Among recent brides Mrs. "Joe" Widener of Philadelphia has been much admired at the various out-of-door events which have brought society to Piping Rock, and other fashionable centres of sport. At a recent club house dinner after the races Mrs. Widener wore a very cracking frock of blue serge with accessories of black satin brightened with touches of military red. The one-piece gown showed a full bodice of black satin shirred to simulate a narrow belt at the well-defined waist line and continuing well below the hips. From mid-skirt down blue serge laid in shallow plaits was employed, a narrow decoration of black braid running up each of the plaits and terminating in arrow heads embroidered in red silk. A soft red silk sash finished with deep black fringe was knotted at the back, where it fell from just under the sleeves. Like nearly all the women who braved the changeable June weather, Mrs. Widener wore a stole of fur—her choice falling upon a velvety black seal.

* * *

Mrs. Tom Shevlin, whose engagement has quite thrilled the Long Island set was doing a bit of trousseau hunting on the avenue a few days ago, and looked wonderfully well in a novel frock of old-fashioned plaid taffeta in shades of wine color. A smartly cut coat of black taffeta with a vest of wine-colored velvet embroidered in tarnished silver, and a smart toque of black satin with upstanding wings of black and gray brought out the admirable coloring of the wearer and constituted a smart finish for a delightfully youthful frock.

* * *

Mrs. E. H. Harriman has opened her big place, "Arden," for a number of "bees" where everybody has flocked to sew or knit for various war relief organizations. At one of these affairs I arrived at so unfashionably early an hour as to find my hostess still en négligée and as Mrs. Harriman's négligées are quite famed among her friends, I venture to describe the beautiful boudoir costume. It was of apricot satin very lustrous and heavy in quality, and the empire slip of satin was festooned with beautiful old white chantilly mellow with age. The lace was not desecrated by sewing, but was looped here and there by wreaths of embroidered golden wheat. A jacket of silver gauze shot with apricot showed similar semi-detatched flounces of the same rare lace and a deep collar of apricot satin was caught in front in a fichu effect with an embroidered wheat motif. The sleeves were very long and frills of the lace fell over the hand. It was so charming, so graceful, so grande dame a confection that I felt quite low spirited when it was changed for a severe red cross costume which is the proper thing for relief-work wear at these busy gatherings.

* * *

I was favored a few days since with a private view of a number of frocks just completed for Newport wear, and as I followed the smartest of coutourieres into the shrined sanctum where the frocks of the four hundred pass in final review under her artistic eye, before being boxed up for delivery, I saw Jane Cowl in a graceful tailor frock showing to my amazement that Faibisy is employing the new sleeve introduced by Lady de Bathe on tailor frocks for out-door wear as well as on house gowns.

The new sleeve, as, of course, you have observed, simulates the old-fashioned mousquetaire glove and wrinkles loosely from three or four inches below the elbow quite down to the second knuckles of the fingers. Miss Cowl's frock was of biscuit broadcloth absolutely untrimmed except for some very beautiful old

(*Concluded on page* 46)

White net costume with bodice of silver cloth and silver leaves—Posed by Miss St. Clair and worn by the chorus of "Hitchy-Koo"

Costume from Raymond Hitchcock's new play, "Hitchy-Koo," which opened Thursday night at the Cohan and Harris Theatre —This is one of a set of fifteen dresses worn in the "Modern School," Act II, Scene 1—Posed by Miss St. Claire

Photos Pach

"The Ghost Girl" costume worn by Miss Eleanor St. Claire in Scene 4, Act II (The Haunted Bedroom Scene) of "Hitchy-Koo"

Duck costume from Act I, Scene 2, of "Hitchy-Koo"—worn by the chorus in the song led by Miss Frances White, "Have You Seen the Ducks Go By?"

Designed and executed by J. M. Gidding

FAIBISY POINTS OUT NEW FASHIONS

MIDSUMMER arrives with Summer colors, golden yellows, warm reds, cool blues and soft greens, with its light, sheer fabrics, its embroideries, its laces and its frills, and never were we more glad to welcome it.

The sombreness of our Spring, combining at the same time the most unheard of and constant inclemency in the weather and a certain oppression directly due to our entrance into the war were responsible for a certain dullness in the National life, a certain lack of interest in social events and an apathy toward everything not directly connected with the business of war.

* * *

This fact prolonged the style phases of the Winter and the usual brilliant interpretation of Spring in coloring and spirit has been more or less neglected. After all, dress, when rightly understood, must be appropriate, both to the epoch in which we live, to the season and to the weather. The latter has been very difficult this year because leaden skies are not compatible with the joyousness of Spring.

After the weather is considered, then it is the environment, the time of day and the occasion which dictate what should be worn by the woman of good taste.

The sense of appropriateness, which is only another name for good taste, is to my mind the essential quality necessary in meeting the demands of fashion. One may have ever so beautiful a gown but if it is worn on an occasion for which it is too ornate or on the other hand should it be too informal for a certain function, it loses its significance.

* * *

What fits one country and one era will be ridiculous in another. The great ladies of the eighteenth century possessed the ravishing art of beautifying themselves in powder and patches and brocades which would be out of the question in our practical 1917. Much later in the nineteenth century many of us can remember the exaggerated bustles and later the gigantic sleeves which make of old photographs a matter for uncontrolled mirth.

We return to what is the vital thing for the woman of to-day. As we have said, Spring this year, was neglected, we have passed through a moment of forced *tristesse* and now is the time for reaction.

* * *

This reaction comes, happily, in the full-fledged Summer time, the season of colors, the time when blue skies, golden beaches, green hillsides and dancing waters call to all those who have a spark of the joy of life to come and enjoy themselves. For this Summer time all should be of color and warmth and life, of birds and flowers and perfumes. Gowns, blouses, wraps and hats should be developed in glowing shades and striking effects throwing their note of vivacity in answer to that of the landscape and the sunshine. To those who understand them, colors have life, they are like fairies, with magic wands, touching those who wear them and transforming their mood.

Sports clothes, while supposedly dedicated to the indulgence in outdoor games, seem to have been primarily introduced for the exploiting of the color sense.

Two sport costumes—one a coat suit informally tailored —the other a one piece frock, both by Faibisy

Flamboyant colors are out of place, walking sedately down Fifth Ave., they are incompatible with city life and the thought of serious things, but for vacation days they meet the mood of everyone.

There has been some prediction that styles would be sombre to be in sympathy with the seriousness of National affairs. To me this is preparing for defeat. Let us express the spirit of the flags, waving on Fifth Avenue, the confidence of victory, the triumph of peace, not only in our secret hearts but in our outward personality, expressed in the manner of our raiment. The prestige of Fashion must not be shaken, it is too much a National institution and the arteries of its business spread into all the phases of life. The grande dame who must have her important gown in time for a certain social occasion is dependent on the salaried worker who carries out the instructions and designs of the great *couturière*.

This does not mean that the note of simplicity should be defied, its extreme is decidedly in rapport with the greatness of the preoccupations of the country and the sacrifices which will confront so many. But simplicity does not imply the renouncement of elegance nor incompatibility with the signature of an artist.

The chemise frock expresses this idea, it is extreme simplicity in line and yet in its combination of fabric, color and ornament, it may be the successful gown. It is particularly adopted to the less heavy fabrics of the warm season and to the use of laces, chiffons and charming transparent tissues in white or the more neutral colors, contrasting them with those which are more laughing and violent.

Lines will be supple and lend themselves to the inflections of the body so as to give as far as possible the idea of the corsetless figure. This normal silhouette, free and graceful, which gives ease of movement, assures at the same time a poise which permits of the wearing of all gowns with an equal success.

* * *

Femininity again prevails in the styles and the spirit of triumphant freshness as well as simplicity is expressed in ginghams, voiles of cotton and silk, crêpe de chines, georgettes, shantungs, linens and organdies, in which laces are introduced, ruffles and flounces appear, embroideries embellish and everything combines to attain the definite and alluring effect desired for the hot days of mid-Summer.

Jersey, alone, of woolen fabrics continues to rival the sheer muslins and lighter silks by the sea and the mountains, because of its lightness, its suppleness and its natural weave, which permits the air to pass through it. Yet it has a certain soft warmth which renders it invaluable against the surprises of temperature. It, too, better than anything else, expresses the ease and comfort of the sports idea and nothing is too brilliant for it in the way of color.

* * *

In sympathy with the gay effect of costume, flowers have appeared on the Summer's hats, they are symbols of hope and happiness and should be welcomed as another expression of the triumphant mood. Let them blossom in all their charm and may they give a hint of the joy of life to the head and heart beneath.

Two sports costumes are shown, one is of gray-green Jersey, a coat suit informally tailored, with little cape effect, surpliced at the back. The skirt, slim and narrow, has a bias seam.

* * *

The other, a one-piece frock, rather serious for a sports costume, but made on these lines, brilliantly features a red, white and blue scheme, but it is not an effort to be military, nor yet an appeal to patriotism, it is merely an instance of how charming and suitable it is possible for this combination to be made.

Navy blue faille forms the body of the frock, blouse and skirt are quite full, with belt, appliqued side panels, cuffs and scarf collar of white satin on which appear braid loops and button trimmings of red, the collar being also lined with red.

Faibisy.

The Exquisite Finale
of Milady's Art de Toilette

The last essential detail of the rejuvenating process that weaves about the beauty bath—at home, seaside or mountain—

BABCOCK'S
CORYLOPSIS OF JAPAN TALC POWDER

A perfect blending of pure, cooling talc and alluring fragrance. Meeting every requirement of physical nicety in its suave smoothness and impalpable fineness. And emphasizing the cool comfort of sheer summer lingerie.

Look for the name BABCOCK and luxuriate in the inimitable fragrance that distinguishes the original and only genuine Corylopsis of Japan Talcum from *all* imitations.

Annette Kellerman, the "Diving Venus" and star of the great New York Hippodrome Spectacle, writes:

> "I find BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan invaluable for keeping the skin soft and smooth, despite the frequent baths that are a part of my professional work. The Hippodrome 'Mermaids consider their cosmetic equipment incomplete without BABCOCK'S'."

Ten cents in stamps brings sample assortment of BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan Talcum, Face Powder and Perfume. Also trial sizes of two new BABCOCK odor-achievements—"Violet Elice" and "Cut Roses" Talcums, and a diminutive phial of "Cut Roses" Perfume.

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Summer Styles

On beach or pier, the sleeveless bathing costume — at dance or dinner, the décolleté with shoulder straps or lacey quarter sleeves—both suggest the need of using

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A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING COMPANY

165 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE 3880 BEEKMAN

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 42)

ivory buttons that closed the front and weighted the deep sailor collar at the edge of the waist in the back. A very beautiful silver fox pelt covered Miss Cowl's shoulders and completed an effect only to be described as devastating.

* * *

And now for the Newport frocks. For Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont pre-eminent among a dozen others, was a semi-tailored creation as smart as mustard and of that lively color subdued to a soft, becoming golden tan by a discreet use of black net. Mustard-colored Yosan was chosen for the foundation of this handsome frock, and great slenderness was achieved in the arrangements of a panelled tunic of black net braided in long lines done in narrow black soutache. A full-length fitted coat that was cut with artistic cunning was also of the net and was closely braided all over the front and back with the net left plain on the hips giving a look of amazing slenderness to the wearer. A lovely maize parasol with braiding to match that of the costume goes with this frock which has clasps of jet and topaz to close the front of the braided coat.

* * *

Another frock for Mrs. Belmont was of handkerchief lawn in a beautiful tone of the vapor blue that is so gracious to coloring like hers. A narrow design of hand-embroidered knots and dashes formed squares of white to a depth of ten or twelve inches from the hem, of the full round skirt and touches of the same embroidery showed upon the sleeves and the smart sailor collar, severe little bows of vapor blue ribbon with white picots were set stiffly down the front of the bodice and were lost under a wide crushed belt of soft white suède.

* * *

What with the shark scare of last season and this year's hints of mines and submarines in the bathing zones, it is surprising to note the smartness of the swimming costumes that are part of all Summer wardrobes.

Gay stripes and bold plaid designs are seen in the newest models which invariably show skirts—no matter if brief ones, still skirts. The mannish one-piece effects which startled Bailey's Beach at the end of last year will be rigorously taboo as fatally lacking in smartness this Summer. Heavy silk—khaki kool in a waterproofed quality, and the ever popular variants of natural and dyed habitui are strong favorites although the heavier weaves of taffetas and satin still hold their own.

A very pretty swimming costume designed for the younger Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt shows a tunic and bodice in one-piece effect of dark blue silk with geometric designs in a clear lighter shade. A sailor collar of the figured silk has a knotted tie of plain turquoise blue, and the coquettish hat—a wide-brimmed "flat" of turquise blue has ties of the same color. Tights of dark blue and turquoise-laced boots finish this model. Numbers of smart young women are going in for bathing suits of white this Summer—heavy taffeta braided in the new woolen soutaches that are guaranteed not to shrink or change color, and give one the mild excitement of proving whether or not the handsome but frightfully expensive costumes are really going to retain their shape and color or whether they will pucker and fade as have braid-trimmed water frocks of other years.

* * *

And, of course, no Summer outfit is complete without at least one aviation costume. These vary in fabric according to the ideas of the wearer.

Photo Sarony
Miss Jane Cowl, star and co-author of "Lilac Time" chooses silver fox—costliest of furs—for summer wear.

Very chic effects similar in cut and material to the cross-saddle riding habit show breeches and jacket of homespun or cheviot with a heavy sweater and knitted leggings and cap with ear protectors.

Without doubt, the leather aviation suit is the choice of most fair flyers and all the smart shops are showing these in wonderful combinations. I cannot contemplate the effect Eleanora Sears is likely to have upon the inhabitants of Mars or any other planet to which she may fly in a suit shown here before being sent to her in California. Khaki-colored buckskin and blue-glazed leather form the coat and breeches of this flying suit.

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MISS GRACE VALENTINE in her Georgette Crepe "BLACKSHIRE" GOWN made by THE HOUSE OF BLACK. The Georgette Crepe is TATELEC TREATED for water and spot proofing. Gowns made of Tatelec Treated Fabrics may be seen at GIDDINGS, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Miss Valentine reports on Tatelec as follows:

Gentlemen:

You have asked my opinion and here it is:

The Tatelec process is wonderful—more wonderful than you say. My dress made from the Georgette Crêpe which you treated is apparently like all other Georgette Crêpe in every respect, yet it sheds water like glass and is positively spot-proof.

If anything could be more wonderful than making water run off Georgette instead of running through, without in any degree closing up its mesh, I want to know what it is.

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

GRACE VALENTINE.

She doesn't care if it rains
—or if the waiter overturns the carafe!

TATELEC

TRADE MARK

WATERPROOFING TREATMENT

IT may *sound* impossible to waterproof so delicate and open a fabric as Georgette Crêpe without filling up its pores—but you can *see* it for yourself at Giddings or any other shop that sells apparel made of Tatelec Treated fabrics.

Tatelec Treatment suspends the force of capillary attraction in a fabric—makes it non-absorbent and causes it to shed water as if it were so much mercury. You can blow smoke through Tatelec treated Georgette as freely as through untreated Georgette—yet water will not pass through.

But most marvelous thing of all—Tatelec Treatment makes no visible change in the fabric. In color, feel, weight, softness and porosity, Tatelec Treated fabrics are indistinguishable from untreated fabrics.

Tatelec Treatment adds to the wearing quality of a fabric, prevents spotting and staining, makes the gown perspiration proof *and is the only waterproofing treatment that permits dry cleaning.*

Write for names of stores showing Dress and Sport Clothes made of Tatelec Treated fabrics.

Manufacturers and merchants interested should obtain full particulars at once from Apparel Manager,

TATE ELECTRO WATERPROOFING CORPORATION
318 West 39th Street, New York City
TATE ELECTROLYTIC WATER-PROOFING PROCESSES, Ltd.
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PLACE a sample of **Tatelec Treated Georgette** over a glass and pour some water over it. The water will not pass through. Samples of **Tatelac Treated Georgette** and other fabrics will be sent upon request.

Photo Campbell Studios

MRS. VERNON CASTLE,

America's best dressed woman has selected Faibisy, the well known New York Couturi`re, to solve her clothes problems for Spring and Summer

Faibisy
IMPORTER
GOWNS
665 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

WHY ANGELINA SMILED

BUT ANGELINA," said Edwin, offering that old moth-eaten argument, "never mind if you don't love me enough yet. Marry me and that will come after." Men *are* confident aren't they?

"Don't bother me now," said Angelina impatiently. "The *hors d'oeuvres* are too delicious."

"But I must bother you. If I go to France...."

Edwin made an intense, sweeping gesture. Crash went the water bottle! Drenchingly—all over Angelina's new Georgette frock, a wonderful frock of chiffon and velvet and a bit of fur trimming, a frock that had gone to Edwin's head the minute Angelina came into the restaurant.

What a start to a happy evening! What ruin spelled not only to a lovely frock, but to capturing "the lovliest girl" inside it!

"I've ruined your frock," moaned Edwin, springing to Angelina's assistance. Really he meant, "I've ruined my life." The waiter rushed up with an extra napkin.

* * *

Yet extraordinary! Angelina smiled. Not the forced smile of politeness, as if someone were pulling it back by the lobes of the ears, but a real honest-to-goodness smile.

"You poor dear," said Angelina. "Don't look so downcast. We'll pretend it's a beach party and I'm having supper after my dip."

"But your lovely frock. It's ruined," Edwin kept on repeating distressfully.

"No it isn't," said Angelina. "If you'll only stop dancing around in that excited manner and use your eyes a minute you can see for yourself that it isn't."

Edwin stared. Sure enough! Miracle! No trace of the water was visible on Angelina's frock. Not even a spot! She sat there as crisp and fresh as before the dreadful accident.

"Do go and sit down," she said, "and I'll tell you the secret. Why I am able to smile instead of wanting to put a dagger through your heart." Dramatic pause. "Well, then, the dress is made of the new waterproofed Georgette!"

"Waterproofed?" said Edwin suspiciously. "I didn't know they could waterproof anything so delicate as chiffon."

"Lots of people don't," explained Angelina. "It's a new process. Done by electricity and chemicals. Promise to eat your dinner like a good child and I'll tell you all about it."

"Promise," said Edwin.

* * *

"In the first place, then," began Angelina, "it's called the Tatelec Treatment. Tate, you see, because of the clever Canadian who invented it. Men are really most useful sometimes," she added teasingly.

"Father took mother and me to see the Tatelec plant last month. You know it's not only Georgette they treat but practically everything, silk, woolen, cotton, corduroy, canvas. Father went to see about sails for his boat. One of the Tatelec specialties is waterproofing canvas for sails and tents, and making it proof against mildew as well. We saw some cloth put on the big rollers and come off with the chemical solution, that makes it impervious to water, *punched* into by the electricity. It's all done so quickly that none of the gloss on the material is lost in the operation.

* * *

"Mr. Tate showed us some untreated corduroy that became soaking wet in an instant when water was poured on it. And then alongside of that the Tatelec waterproofed corduroy from which the water ran off like drops of mercury, just as it does from my dress. We saw bags of waterproofed material in which water had been standing for weeks without going through. But what was really perfectly marvellous was the way very open-meshed stuffs such as cotton and even bobinette—that's like an extremely coarse cheesecloth—would actually hold the water. Mother and I say we don't see why after this women should wear any clothes that haven't been treated with the Tatelec waterproofing.

"Oh, yes! And it makes a garment not only proof against spotting by water, but by grease. That is, though the grease may make a slight stain on the surface temporarily it can't get into the fibres: so that either the dry cleaner or you yourself can take the spot out in a jiffy and the garment will look just like new again. Next time you can have the waiter pour a plate of soup into my lap and I'll show you. Really, isn't it wonderful? Wouldn't your Mr. H. G. Wells, who is searching for progressive things, *just love* the process?"

* * *

And so he would. And so did Edwin, entirely impressed, and swearing solemnly to have his golf-suit waterproofed at once. As who wouldn't? Thanks to the genius that had invented the waterproofing treatment it had turned out after all to be "the end of a perfect day."

And in case you don't "believe in fairies," and don't think this is a perfectly true story, J. M. Gidding have at this very minute on exhibition just such a waterproofed chiffon frock—made by the House of Black—as the one Angelina was wearing, a wonderful frock of Georgette and velvet and a bit of fur trimming, which is later to adorn the lovely little Miss Grace Valentine. And you can go to the Gidding Shop and see it with your very own eyes.

After which your next chiffon or silk frock, I warrant, will be Tatelec waterproofed, proof against the clumsiness of your own particular Edwin, or a soulless waiter, or a dinner-hour downpour with not a taxicab to be had anywhere.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

Kitty Gordon says:

"The sea breeze and my Romelink Hammock make life worth while."

Kitty Gordon

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Swinging Couches

THE foremost celebrities of theatrical life endorse the Romelink Swinging Couch—not in the capacity of famous actresses—but as women whose homes are the reflection of their own artistic taste and refinement.

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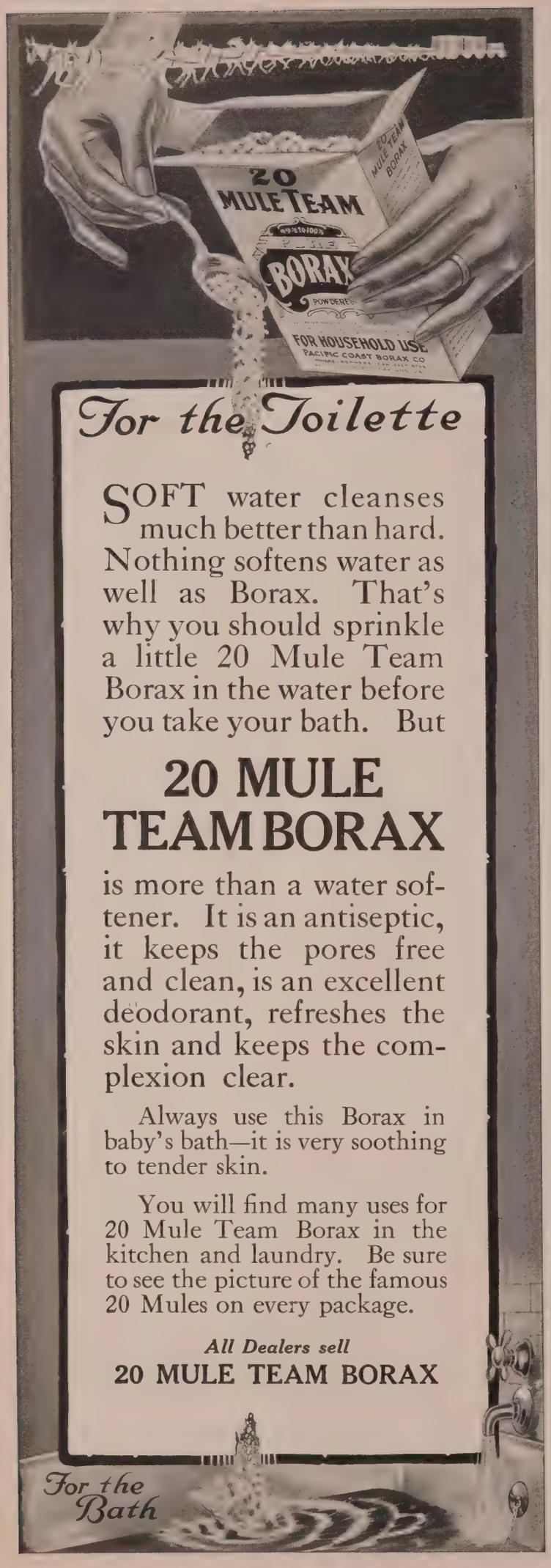
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FOR HOUSEHOLD USE
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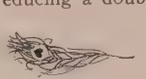
For the Toilette
SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But
20 MULE TEAM BORAX
is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.
Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.
You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.
All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX
For the Bath

FEATHERS FROM PEACOCK ALLEY

IN former years a woman's first gray hair was supposed to be the initial downward step on the path to old age. A tragedy! And as such even thought worthy of immortalization by a famous French author in a short story which perhaps you may remember. To-day we either don't bother about the gray hair, plenty of young and lovely women having whole heads of them, or we doctor them and skilfully cover them up. It means nothing in our young lives. What we do or should regard seriously as the first real indication of growing old is the terribly tell-tale double chin and sagging cheek muscles. They are as indicative of age as the rings on the trunk of a tree. All else about you may be fresh and fair, eyes, skin, hair, but if your under-chin is stringy or is super-plump you are betrayed. That is something that can't be covered up. It can only be eradicated, or, far better yet, taken in time and prevented. For it can be. How often do you see the actress, that living exponent of youth, with a double chin?

Madame Rubinstein, the beauty specialist, is one of the few in this profession who realize the importance of preserving the contours of the face. She has given it special attention and worked out in her laboratory several preparations for taking care of this particular tragedy of the years. For toning up the skin, making and keeping it firm, for preventative treatment in short, Madame Rubinstein has the Valaze Roman Jelly, a fragrant pinkish substance, to be patted into the skin, which "irons" out the face. If your under chin is in a bad way, if there are lines around your mouth and ears, and you want to obtain really excellent results, you should use with the Roman Jelly, the Valaze Georgine Lactée. And if you are still further steeped in sin, there is a stronger lotion yet with more astringent properties for reducing a double chin.



"Behind the beyond" in the dressing-room of a well-known actress I saw a new corset lately, which appealed to me very much. It evidently appealed quite as much to the actress who was wearing it and who told me how she came to be doing so. The Lily of France people, she said, had designed the corset originally for actresses for sport wear, giving it the name of "the theatrical sport corset." Actresses took it up and having found that it gave them such freedom of movement, combined, of course, with enough support and retention of the figure, are now adopting it enthusiastically for their stage work, and indeed wearing it right along.

The corset in question is made of an openwork fabric that, though firm, is very cool and light. It comes just to the waist line in front and is so constructed as to be a little higher in the back than in the front, which takes care of any of the extra flesh that sometimes likes to assert its independence over the top of a straight waist line corset. A rubber waist band hugs the figure tightly in front and an interval of the fabric between that and the back rubber gives an added firmness. The corset comes in two lengths and naturally in pink or flesh color. The day of the white corset, if not past, is temporarily in eclipse.

Whatever else the smart New York woman foregoes these days there is one accessory to a costume that she finds indispensable, and that is a rain-or-shine umbrella. With the transplanted and uncertain climate that we have been having, shine at one end of the day, rain at the other, the *entout cas* is artistically necessary. You can't spoil the picture of your light frock by carrying a dark umbrella and yet you must have with you protection for a sudden shower.

A well-known firm have made up for this season some extraordinarily effective styles in these parasol umbrellas which they call "the Ascot rain-or-shine," and if you inquire for these when shopping you can be sure of getting something smart and of splendid make and value.

Particularly good are their plaid silk "rain-or-shines" (an actress I know chose a black and white one that it might go with many costumes), or the plain colors with a contrasting border of fine lines, a feature of both being the white bone or amber-tipped ribs, the handles and the bottoms of the sticks.

A. A.

WILLIAM COLLIER, a big light in the theatrical world, says: "Adams Pepsin Gum? Yes, I think it's delicious."

William Collier

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SCOTMINTS

THE ROAD

(*Continued from page 26*)

to understand a very subtle play, and this class does not exist in numbers outside of the cities. However, when one considers that the large majority of city audiences is made up of out-of-town visitors one will realize the audiences are just the same the country over.

There is one element of the road that is always a surprise to the confirmed city dweller and that is the very clever people who act there, and never get a chance to play before metropolitan audiences. Why these people do not become recognized outside of the small cities has always been a question. Lack of courage is often the stumbling block, while often those who have the courage to try to get work from one of the big producers have not the money to wait till their chance arrives.

I CAN remember going into a Toledo theatre over five years ago and watching a Tuesday matinée of the stock company. There was a girl in the case who was wonderfully talented. After I left the city I wondered why she had not gone beyond stock work, and wished that I had visited her. I thought of that girl many times in five years, and this season she arrived on Broadway—arrived to be hailed as a great actress.

When I met Miss Fay Bainter—she is the girl to whom I refer—I asked her why she had been so slow in getting into New York.

"Slow?" Miss Bainter answered me. "Well the only reason I was not here years ago is because they would not have me."

After all is said and done it is the road that gives an actor or actress the greatest inspiration for work. On the road one has to work hard, and one has to develop character or else lose out. Hardships are not infrequent, luxury, especially for the younger actor, is almost unknown. Playing always in a fine theatre in a big city one gets softened, and a season or two on the road makes one realize more keenly that success is something to be worked for—something to appreciate—something that only comes after one has made the stupendous effort.

The road is one of the biggest things in the life of the theatre profession.

ACTORS WHO HAVE "COME ACROSS"

(*Continued from page 38*)

and nephew of Albert Vickers, inventor of the Vickers gun. News of his death came with a shock to a great number of musical friends in America.

Like the actors the musicians have been prompt to obey the call to arms. The slight limp which Fritz Kreisler brought back with him from the field won him even louder salvos of applause than did his exquisite playing, and there are left in camp many musicians of almost equal note. In connection with one of these, Julius Harrison, a particularly modern story is told adaptable only to war time. It is this: he flew over in a biplane last October from his station in France, reached London in time to conduct a grand opera in Covent Garden and after the performance flew back again.

Canada has given even more of her theatrical quota to the war. It would have been impossible for an acknowledged favorite to have kept on playing up there, so tremendous was the martial spirit and so unencouraging was the feeling towards those men who fell under the denomination of slackers. But it had no weight with the Canadian actor who put off the grease paint as soon as ever he could be enlisted. In Toronto, which is a good summer town, there has been no stock company since the beginning of the war. A reason for this was the lack of leading men who had transformed themselves into fighting men.

In our own United States there will be no distinction made in the Army of Conscription between legitimate and vaudeville actor just as there has been none when enlistment was still voluntary. All the arts connected with the stage have produced volunteers; singers, pianists as well as actors have shown eagerness for the adventure and the ships that have taken men over were provided with entertainment by enlisted men who were professional actors, although perhaps not as yet very widely known. They will be better actors when they return, as we pray they all may, for the experience cannot fail to broaden their art.

STAGE DEGENERACY

(*Continued from page 34*)

mass of hair that ripples down between her shoulders like a golden waterfall. Miss Weber is a fair-haired little actress at once a joy and a delight. The contrasting dark hair and eyes and angelic figure of Miss Harland complete the charms of a group of artists."

Perhaps the bitterest attack made upon the "blondes" was from the pen of a woman, Olive Logan, herself an actress, writer and playwright. In an article in one of the magazines of the time she wrote: "After 'The Crook,' came the burlesquers, whose chief piquancy was derived from the fact that the women who performed in it talked slang and sang coarse songs. At first they were modest, in some degree, but as time passed on they grew brazen and saucy, leered at the men in the boxes, and generally exhibited a disrespectful regard for the audience, or what it might think of them. The echo of their success reached English shores and an army of burlesque women took ship for America, and presently the New York stage presented one disgraceful spectacle of padded legs jiggling and wriggling in the insenate follies and indecencies of the hour."

It was not alone in this city that they were thus attacked. When they went upon tour they were assailed by a hostile press in other cities.

NOTWITHSTANDING these attacks, Miss Thompson and her company became favorites and for some years were welcome visitors. Miss Harland withdrew from the company shortly after their first appearance, and later on, dissensions arising, both the Misses Weber and Markham withdrew. Beckett formed a company of his own in an endeavor to rival Miss Thompson's, but met with failure. An entire new organization with Miss Thompson still at its head came into existence and toured the country with varying fortunes until this style of entertainment ceased to attract. Among the people Miss Thompson introduced here were Eliza Weathersby, Rose Massey, Lina Edwin, Alice Atherton and Willie Edouin. Of the original company that appeared in New York in '68, but one I believe is still alive. Miss Harland after her retirement from the company married a well-known writer and authority on the stage, and is residing in New York. The others have long since joined the great majority and the good fortune that smiled upon them on their first appearance here failed to remain with them when it came time for them to make their final appearance upon the world's stage.

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TAKING CHARLIE SERIOUSLY

(Continued from page 12)

when he made up like a Hobo Romeo, drawing a line between the absurd and the tragic so delicately that you laugh at him with tears in your eyes. A romantic clown! A tramp with a tragic past! The thing is excruciating; it is Cyrano de Bergerac wrong side about. Charlie borrowed heavily from Pierrot. He can be languishing; he can be stricken, love-sick, dumbly forlorn. He is an artist because he can lead an audience unerringly from hoots of laughter into silence and to tears. He accomplished it in "The Tramp," one of his most uproarious comedies. In the last "fade-out" he stood at the top of a hill. Behind him lay a tramp's short dream of love and home, before him lay the long, white road. He did not show his face, but by the droop of his shoulders, his dumb immobility, his whole, discouraged and disheartened, sagging head, hands and knees, he gave the tramp's little tragedy. He stood a moment—and it was as daring a moment as any of Mrs. Fiske's back-stage expedients—forlorn and pitiful. Then courage came again; he straightened, swung his absurd cane, flourished his elbows, kicked up his sore heels and trotted briskly away into the face of the setting sun.

IT was not a chance effect, for he squeezed tears out of the mad hilarity of "At the Bank" and "Easy Street." He has a trick of looking morose; his eyes are heavy, he sighs, and does the most side-splitting things lugubriously. Who could ever forget his weariness when he plodded down the moving staircase in "The Floor Walker"? Unlike Max Linder, who sparkles all the time, Charlie's smiles are rare. It breaks up the settled sadness of his face only once or twice during a picture, but it always "gets" you, as he intends it to do. He is wistful—if Barrie will pardon me—I shall spare you "whimsical" for him; he is too vulgar for that.

NO end, vulgar—you are right. A little bounder. Personally I prefer downright little bounders to male vampires, but that is a matter of taste. He would have made Queen Elizabeth slap her royal knees with glee. Ben Jonson would have hiccoughed with laughter. Shakespeare would have immortalized him. Vulgar? I should say! He gargles his wine and sits on pins; he kisses largely and loudly; he is kicked in the seat of his pants and kicks other people in the seat of theirs; he falls through doors and up stairs; he puts his thumb to the tip of his nose and wiggles his fingers (but so did the nymphs in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune"). He wallows in dough and slithers in custard pies and is half-drowned at the nozzle of a hose; he holds babies on his knee and looks uneasy; he scratches fleas, slaps policemen, gets drunk, falls into sewers and embraces cooks; he is as agile as a fly and as supple as an octopus; he is an artist and some day he will be a legend.

Queen Bess would have had no scruples, "horse the tape that binds my girth," she would have said, "I must laugh my fill. Charlie is a *rare* rogue!"

They were all vulgar in those days, and we teach their vulgarity in our public schools. Remember that....

Mrs. Nexdore: "My daughter plays the piano. Perhaps you've heard her?"

Mrs. Newcome (with great self-restraint): "I've heard the piano."

Mrs. Nexdore: "Yes, my daughter Mary is very musical."

Mrs. Newcome: "Ah! You have two daughters then?"

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

W. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—Have pictures of any of the following players appeared in THE THEATRE: Laura Cowie, W. Lawson Butt, Elsie MacKay (other than the June issue)? State prices of numbers.

A.—A small picture of Laura Cowie appeared in our May, 1915, issue (price 40c.). We have never published an individual picture of Lawson Butt. There is a full-page of Elsie MacKay in our February, 1915, number (40c.), and a small picture in January, 1916 (35c.).

E. K., New York.—Q.—Where can I obtain the dramatized version of "Peter Ibbetson?" 2. When was THE THEATRE MAGAZINE first published?

A.—Communicate with Messrs. Shubert, 225 West 44th Street, New York City. 2. May, 1901.

M. S. Moore, Columbia, S. C.,—Q.—Kindly publish the casts of "Erstwhile Susan," "Major Barbara" and "The Great Lover."

A.—The cast of "Erstwhile Susan" was: Barnaby Dreary, John Cope; Jacob Dreary, Robert Stowe Gill; Emanuel Dreary, Owen Meech; Abel Buchter, John Daly Murphy; David Jordan, Edward Robins; Robert Marsh, Hugh Chilvers; Ansalom Puntz, Harry Cowley; Juliet Miller, Mrs. Fiske; Barnabetta, Madeline Delmar; Ramah Schwenkfelders, Wylda Millison; Mrs. Winthrop, Anite Clarendon; Alice Meredith, Anna Faystone; Helen Meredith, Julia Chippendale; Joseph Yoder, Samuel Aidenfelder; Abraham Wackernagel, Henry B. Fogler; Em. Wackernagel, Maude Longnecker; Jennie Getz, Marie Sasee. 2. The following is the cast of "Major Barbara:" Stephen Undershaft, Clarence Derwent; Lady Britomart, Charlotte Granville; Morrison, G. Guthrie McClintic; Barbara, Grace George; Sarah, Norah Lamison; Adolphus Cusins, Ernest Lawford; Charles Lomax, John Cromwell; Andrew Undershaft, Louis Calvert; Rummy, Mitchens, Margaret Calvert; Snobby Price, Arthur Eldred; Jenny Hill, Mary Nash; Peter Shirley, Richmond Clarke; Bill Walker, Conway Tearle; Mrs. Baines, Josephine Lovett; Bilton, Paul Bliss. 3. The cast of "The Great Lover" was: Mr. Stapleton, Lee Millar; Maestra Cereale, William Ricciardi; Dr. Mueller, M. D., Shatts; Farnald, Julian Little; Ward, Frederick Macklyn; Kartzag, George E. Romain; Carl Losseck, Alfred Kappler; Sparapani, Antonio Salerno; Jean Paurel, Leo Ditrichstein; Carlo Sonino, Malcolm Fassett; Posansky, Alexis H. Polianov; Mme. Treller Beinbrich, Anna McNaughton; Giulia Sabittini, Beverly Sitgreaves; Ethel Warren, Virginia Fox Brooks; Bianca Sonino, Camilla Dalberg; Mrs. Peter Van Ness, Cora Witherspoon; Mrs. Fred Schuyler, Madeleine Durand; Bertie Barnes, Leslie Ryecroft; Dr. Stetson, Arthur Lewis.

M. C., Philadelphia.—Q.—Kindly give some account of Maude Adams' career.

A.—Maude Adams was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She made her first appearance on the stage as a baby in arms at the age of nine months in "The Lost Child." Made her first New York appearance at the Star Theatre, September 17, 1888, in "The Paymaster," later appearing at the Grand Opera House in "The Highest Bidder." On March 5, 1889, she played in "A Midnight Bell" at the Bijou, and after appearing in "All the Comforts of Home," "Men and Women," and "The Lost Paradise," she was engaged as leading lady with John Drew at Palmer's Theatre. In 1892, she made a great hit in "The Masked Ball," and she continued under the management of Charles Frohman until 1897, when she was promoted to stardom, making her first appearance in that capacity in "The Little Minister."

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 22)

as not without merit. Of course, the dog days creep upon us no one expects a masterpiece. Even the red business man ceases to be exciting.

There's plenty of fun making. The unconventional spectacle of Raymond Hitchcock seated in the front row of the orchestra, greeting many of the first nighters by their first names, was alone enough to put everyone in good humor.

"Hitchy-Koo," according to the program, is an intimate revue in two acts and nineteen scenes. The program further informs us that as the United States is now at war and lavish expenditures are not only in bad taste but contrary to public policy, Messrs. Hitchcock and Goetz are striving after artistic simplicity instead of the extravagance which usually characterizes Broadway musical entertainments. All of which, I opine, is most commendable.

I did not note, however, any great economy in the way artists have been selected for this new revue. As a matter of fact, the list of entertainers contains some of the highest salaried people of the local stage. But as Mr. Hitchcock elegantly puts it, "economy in the direction of the help is as much to be condemned as needless extravagance for costumes and scenery."

The first act is by far the best, and no doubt after some pruning the second act can be made just as effective. Raymond Hitchcock had one good song, *"Since I Became a Manager,"* and assisted by Leon Errol caused gales of laughter in an extremely funny scene called "A Photograph Gallery."

Those warm local favorites, William Rock and Frances White have again proved that they are entitled to their popularity. They have a manner of dancing and singing which is entirely unique and full of charm.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES." Revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by Gene Buck and George V. Hobart; music by Raymond Hubbell and Dave Stamper; patriotic finale by Victor Herbert. Produced on June 12th with this cast:

Shahrazad	Allyn King
Linozad	Peggy Hopkins
Dick Burton	Irving Fisher
John Vanburen	Gus Minton
Grand Vizier	Tom Richards
Joe Doakes	Clay Hill
Patrolman	Malcolm Hicks
Traffic "Cop"	Russell Vokes
A Pedestrian	Peter Ostrander
Rufus Racket	William C. Fields
Willie Love	Walter L. Catlett
Mr. Pelham	Fred Heider
Miss Mamaroneck	May Carmen
Murgatoyd Jones	Bert Williams
Miss Puxsutawney	Helen Barnes
Teenie	Marion Fairbanks
Weenie	Madeline Fairbanks
Bob	Don Barclay
Abner Jones	Eddie Cantor
Will Rogers	Fanny Brice

Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson

There are two events that New York always looks forward to—in winter, the reopening of the Metropolitan Opera House; in summer, the "Ziegfeld Follies," and of the two I am not so sure that the "Follies" is not the most appreciated. As long as Flo is on the job, also Joseph Urban, not to mention George V. Hobart, Raymond Hubbell, etc., we need not worry. As to the bevy of pretty girls they live up to the reputation of their predecessors.

This year's "Follies" is as usual a series of tableaux, each one a feast for the eye. Do not ask me to describe what I saw. Go and judge for yourself. But you will enjoy Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Eddie Cantor (a newcomer from the roof to the street), and William C. Fields. Fanny Brice is a scream, and Allyn King is very pretty.

ECHOES OF THE PAST

JOSIE ORTON

LIVING in New York is the last surviving member of the Boston Museum Stock Company of the early 60's—Josie Orton, comedienne par excellence. The late Kate Reignolds, then leading woman, in her "Yesterday with Actors," published in 1887, said of Josie Orton: "Young as she was there was a passion, life and fire in her that filled the stage. Her comedy was pure fun, frank and rollicking, with no artificial touch, while in more serious parts her magnificent black eyes glowed with an expression like that of Rachel." She was versatile, popular with all and possessed a buoyancy of temperament which was infectious, and beloved by the old Lady Vincent, William Warren and even by the supers. When young she married the late Ben Woolf, critic and musician, but kept up her stage work until late in middle life. Josie Orton is pictured here in "Rosedale," one of the popular successes at the Boston Museum and revived there frequently. She joined the stock company in 1860 and associated with her besides those already mentioned were Maggie and Mary Mitchell, Frank Hardenburgh, Sol Smith, William Mestayer, John Wilson, Kate Dunn, and others who rose rapidly to fame. All have passed on with the exception of Maggie Mitchell who played in the company occasionally.

MARION HOWARD.

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"America" as sung by Clarence Whitehill is truly a song of liberty. The splendid old "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is presented by Reinald Werrenrath in his rich and virile voice with splendid fervor and patriotism, and Lambert Murphy and the Orpheus Quartet contribute a stirring rendition of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

"My Own United States" sung by Raymond Dixon and Male Quartet is a welcome return of the most popular number in the light opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"; the words are brimming over with love of country. The splendid patriotic song, "We'll Never Let Our Old Flag Fall" is finely sung by Edward Hamilton and Male Quartet. *Advt.*

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WE HAVE BEEN ASKED

so frequently in what issues of The Theatre certain articles, reviews and photographs have appeared, that we give you below contents and covers of the first six issues of 1916, in which you will find many items of interest.

JANUARY. **Portraits:** of Yvette Guilbert, Leo Ditrichstein, Julia Arthur, Charlotte Walker, Robert B. Mantell, Kitty Gordon and her daughter, Otis Skinner, Antonio Scotti, etc.

Scenes: from "Major Barbara," "His Majesty Bunker Bean," "Son Homme," "Fair and Warmer," "The Great Lover," "The Unchastened Woman," etc.

Articles: Yvette Guilbert in Old Songs, Leo Ditrichstein—Player and Playwright, Is the Stage a Perilous Place for the Young Girl?, by Edith Wynne Matthison and Lillian Russell, Julia Arthur's Return to the Stage, The Woman Who Influenced Wagner, by Archie Bell, etc.

Eleanor Painter

* * *

FEBRUARY. **Portraits:** of Billie Burke, Irene Franklin, Burt Green and their children, Molly Pearson, Ethel Barrymore, Nat Wills, Nazimova, Alice Nielsen, etc.

Scenes: from "Stop, Look, Listen!," "David Garrick," "The Weavers," "Very Good Eddie," "Katinka," "Twin Beds," "Van Der Decken," "Prince Igor," etc.

Articles: The Humor of the Theatrical Interview, by Alan Dale, Trying Out for the Movies, Sixty Years On the Stage, The Painted Heart of an Actress, by William de Wagstaffe, Smartness in Stage Settings, etc.

Billie Burke

* * *

MARCH. **Portraits:** of James K. Hackett, the Russian Ballet, Salvini, Yvonne Garrick, Leo Ornstein, John Philip Sousa, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, Jane Cowl, Laurette Taylor, etc.

Scenes: from "Any House," "Just a Woman," "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic," "Sybil," "The Cinderella Man," "The Little Minister," "Overtones," "The Pride of Race," "Erstwhile Susan," etc.

Articles: Memories of Salvini, by Robert Underwood Johnson, American Versus English Actors, How Sousa Wrote His Marches, The One Act Play, Is the Stage Emotion Real?, by Jane Cowl, Where Do Dramatists Find Ideas?, by Willis Steell, etc.

Margaret Leslie

* * *

APRIL. (Special Shakespeare Number.) **Portraits:** of Grace George, Frieda Hempel, Gustav Mahler, Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Globe Theatre, Ben Jonson, Swinburne, Forbes-Robertson, Henry Irving, Frank R. Benson, and all the leading portrayers of "Hamlet."

Scenes: from "Macbeth," "Henry VIII," "The Heart of Wetona," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," etc.

Articles: William Shakespeare—The Man and the Poet, At Shakespeare's Shrine, by William Winter, The Theatre in Shakespeare's Day, Shakespeare and His Friends, by Otis Skinner, What Did Shakespeare Really Look Like?, by Montrose J. Moses, Composers Whom Shakespeare Inspired, The Enemies of Shakespeare, The Women of Shakespeare, by Ada Patterson, etc.

Edith Wynne Matthison

* * *

MAY. **Portraits:** of Thomas A. Wise, Amelie Rives, Adelaide and Hughes, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, Sir Herbert Tree, Alice Dovey, John Galsworthy, Elsie Ferguson, Emily Stevens, etc.

Scenes: from "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "The Magical City," "King Henry VIII," "Rio Grande," "Justice," "The Blue Envelope," etc.

Articles: Profanity on the Stage, by Alan Dale, What I Think Is a Good Play, by George C. Tyler, Interviewing a Princess-Playwright, Sir Herbert Tree—England's Actor Knight, What They Would Have Been If They Weren't What They Are, "Justice," A Seer of the Stage, etc.

Ruth St Denis

* * *

JUNE. **Portraits:** of Grace George, Margaret Anglin, Emma Nevada, Robert Edeson's Home, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Arnold Daly, Joseph Urban, Pasquale Amato and his wife, Lyn Harding, Bertha Kalich, etc.

Scenes: from "If I Were King," "A Woman of No Importance," "Grotesques," "The Tempest," "The Boomerang," "Treasure Island," etc.

Articles: My Stage Life and Why It Is Worth While, by Grace George, When Emma Nevada Played Home, by her former manager, Dramatic Critics and Photo Plays, Lyn Harding—a Versatile Actor, What's Wrong With the Movies?, by Bernard Sohl, Manufacturing Stage Laughter, etc.

Kitty Gordon

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Address: THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York

NEW DRAMATIC BOOKS

GOOD FRIDAY AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. Macmillan: New York. The short drama of the Crucifixion is written with poetic reverence. It is simply a poetic drama without marked fitness for the stage and perhaps not designed for it. The "other poems" are sonnets with the theme of beauty or the secret held by nature, that which can be found by him who seeks it.

A DAY DREAM IN JAPAN. By Percy Burton. John W. Luce: Boston.

A little play in verse of sixty-three pages. The idea is poetic and harmless, the story recounting how a husband is lured away from a true wife (in a dream) and finds true happiness (on awaking) on his return to her.

MASTER WILL OF STRATFORD. A midwinter night's dream in three acts, with a prologue and an epilogue. By Louise Ayres Garnett. The Macmillan Company: New York.

The play is written with distinct charm, for, while, for the most part, it is a fancy and a dream, with many figures borrowed from Titania's own court and her own subject fairies, the author has caught the trick of a light touch, and her own story of the boy Shakespeare, at twelve, his mother and little Bess, his playmate is of engaging simplicity and a kind of veracity. The Warwickshire dialect of the period of Shakespeare runs throughout and pleases with its quaint intelligibility. The boy, whose kindly nature prompts him to care for wounded dumb things, has found a wounded pheasant on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy and is charged with poaching. Taken before Queen Elizabeth he is freed because of his courteous wit. That night, by the comforting fireside at home he dreams of Titania—her people, witches, too (the dream acted out), and the little changling that was wanted by both Oberon and Titania. When he wakes he finds the pheasant quill with which he is to write "all the dreams that lap him 'round with shining witchery." The characters that are Louise Garnett's own are as alive as any others in the play.

PLAYS OF THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Theodore Dreiser. John Lane: New York. There are seven short plays in the volume, of which two may be described as natural. The author is a man of force. He has a firm grip of everything he has in hand, down to the last detail. When he treats of purely human things he compels admiration. "The Girl in the Coffin" is the secret victim of a labor leader who comes to the home, where in the scene the coffin is always in full view, to have the father go to a meeting which can be controlled by the local leader. The father would kill the betrayer if he knew him. The audience only knows the truth. The last little play is "Old Ragpicker." It concerns a halfwitted creature whose failure in life has driven him mad. The other plays are not supernatural, but unnatural, mixed with science and mysticism, artificial and superficial. They are interesting or at least curious in that the method of the moving picture play is applied. It would be impossible to act them on the stage proper. A bit of a scene or a voice, detached and in widely separated places, are mingled with other scenes the quickness of which only the imagination or the facilities of the camera are capable. Wraiths of the murdered walk through walls, the spirits of the dead and all sorts of mysterious forces participate in human affairs. It is curious, but for the most part it is piffle—piffle, however, of a very capable mind.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FIVE PLAYS. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

TAUGHT BY MAIL. By Hollis Clark. Published by the author, Bozeman, Mont.

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By Barrett H. Clark. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

COMEDIES OF WORDS AND OTHER PLAYS. By Arthur Schnitzler. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

PORTMANTEAU PLAYS. By Stuart Walker. Illustrated: Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

A PATRIOTIC LUNCH

THE McAlpin Hotel is nothing if not patriotic. Not only have the employee's organized as a fighting unit, but in the pleasant grill room downstairs, the resourceful *chef* serves what he calls an Army Ration lunch. An excellent lunch it is, too, consisting of fresh vegetable soup; baked beans, fried salt pork, American cheese, crackers, apple rolls, tea or coffee. This is a real army bill of fare prepared as nearly as possible as it would be by a good army cook.

Mrs. M. J. Simmons, food chemist of the Boomer hotels, has created a new department among hotels of this country, and perhaps stands alone among women in this useful field. Mrs. Simmons graduated as a food analyst and chemist before her appointment to the hotel staff several years ago, but her work was confined to the sanitation of the McAlpin and her daily work took her on many rounds of the kitchens and servants' living quarters where she was invaluable in preserving the high standard sought by the maangement.

With the increasing advance in cost of all kinds of foods, Mrs. Simmons asked to be allowed to extend her work to include the branch for which she was scientifically trained. This idea found favor at once with Mr. Boomer and he has had fitted up a very complete testing laboratory on the top floor of the hotel.

Here each morning Mrs. Simmons makes tests of the many articles purchased by the stewards before they find their way to the kitchens.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

THE July announcement of the Columbia Graphophone Company is a remarkable expression of Independence Day patriotism. Morton Adkins sings "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "Marching Through Georgia," while the members of the Columbia Stellar Quartette blend their voices in a rousing patriotic eulogy, "My Own United States," and a song of heart-throbs, "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Two popular patriotic songs, "If the Tango Should Change to a March, Little Girl" and "It's Time for Every Boy to be a Soldier" are also listed.

The instrumental patriotic numbers include a recording of U. S. Army and Navy Calls, contributed by Vincent Buono, bugler, and Harry E. Humphrey, announcer, and two selections by Prince's Band, "American Patrol" and "Medley of Patriotic Airs," introducing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Dixie." *Advt.*

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ANGELINA CHANGES HER LUCK

BEGIN with us in this number, the Fashion Adventures of Angelina. Angelina is The Young Person, alluring, progressive—but always good form—demanding that her family and her entire milieu as well shall come up to modern requirements. She is in short, the embodiment of the American Girl, conceded by experts to be the most Fascinating Feminine in the world. ¶ Following her tip-tilted nose, Angelina scours New York, discovering with unerring scent, not only the up-to-date, but the ahead-of-date, the original, and the daring

ANGELINA came out of the Ritz, balanced a moment undecidedly on the steps, and then departed down Madison Avenue. Her habitual line of march on leaving the hotel was up Forty-sixth and turn right into Fifth. Just why she chose Madison on this particular day she couldn't say. Unless it was because it had been an off-day all round. Mother, whom she was companioning for the week-middles in town, had snubbed her inexperience that morning when she had essayed to help with the Red Cross work. Mother was so frightfully efficient that she always made you feel yourself a perfectly useless person. Then Edwin and the nicest men Angelina knew were either at Madison Barracks or Plattsburg, and the Ritz had been of a dullness at lunch time. She hadn't seen a soul she could speak to. Going down Madison might change her luck, thought Angelina half-consciously.

* * *

But as nothing out of the ordinary had happened by the time she arrived at Thirty-ninth Street, she decided to return to her first love, Fifth Avenue. Mid-way down the block, however, she came to a stop in front of a little shop window filled with gay-colored materials, silks and cottons stamped with the new Batik work, a bit of lustre ware to set them off. Though it was barely three o'clock a grey misty rain had darkened the afternoon and an orange lantern glowed enticingly from the interior. "Flambeau Weavers" said the quaint sign hanging above the door, and "Why have I never seen this place before?" said Angelina. "Here's where I change my luck," and marched in.

Just beyond the threshold a surprised voice greeted her.

* * *

"Angelina, my lamb! Where did you come from?"

And, "Mary, my angel! What are you doing here?" responded Angelina in the same key.

"For one thing I'm choosing some hand-woven curtains and upholstery for the country," answered Mary. "And for another I'm going to purchase myself a 'butterfly waist' to wear with my tailored suits. Aren't they lovely? Dyed different shades on the front and back and another on the wings, I mean the cuffs! Or would you call these little fluttering tails, the ends of the surplice, the wings? Oh, do try on this house gown, Angelina, a copy of a Fortuny model. You would look supremely lovely in it. You must have one. I'm going to later on, but I can't get everything to-day."

* * *

Angelina, nothing loth, donned the robe made of two straight strips of silk, early Italian fashion, which went on over the head and snapped together on the shoulder. Long tight-fitting sleeves that came down over the hand, though not cut in one with the shoulder were put in with a slight kimono outline. The stuff was a soft silk, dyed a grape blue, its only ornament a choice Batik pattern in pale yellowish greens and pinks winding up the hem. As Angelina turned and twisted to see herself in the mirror, the gown, like a perfect dancing partner, followed every move of her slender figure, taking on the most alluring lines and curves.

"The reason for that," explained Mary, "is that each of the seams running up the arms and down the sides of the gown is cunningly weighted along its whole length."

"Now come and see the curtains and upholstery I've picked out. We're going to stay in the country till November, this year, you know. They're hand-woven of linen with a silk filler. Here's the sample I gave the order from. Isn't it an unusual and soft shade of red? When the stuff is finished it has a bright red border and a narrow red fringe."

* * *

"But I'm quite puzzled," said Angelina, who, shown one thing after another in rapid succession had hardly had time to gather breath. "Just what is this shop? Who are 'The Flambeau Weavers'? How long have they been here?"

"They've been here," responded Mary, answering the questions backwards, Looking-Glass fashion, "since last Fall. 'The Flambeau Weavers' are some intelligent and artistic people who are making an American art of textile weaving. Everything is hand-woven, of course. They are interested besides in simplified and artistic clothing for women and in the use of Batik work, tye-dyes, and unusual hand-woven fabrics for this clothing—house gowns, tunics, scarves, wraps. You can purchase your house dresses and the floor coverings, portières, pillows, with which to give them the proper atmospheric surroundings at one and the same time. It's the best little place in town, by the way, to pick up a rare old sampler for a fire screen, or a chair covering, or a pillow. Did you know that they're even using bits of cross-stitch samplers on blouses?..... But I must run along. I've been invited to a private exhibition of jewelry arranged by the Bureau of Jewelry Fashions, to show the new things for the coming Fall-Christmas season. No lack of preparedness in business there, anyway! Do come too, my lamb! I'm sure you'd enjoy it and you can have it all over the other girls in knowing ahead of time what's going to be worn."

* * *

"I should love to come," said Angelina enthusiastically, "if you'll just stop a minute with me at Franklin Simon's, so that I can purchase one of the new imported veils. Betty was wearing one at the Ritz last week and they're the most fetching things I've seen in a long time. They're shaped like a round centrepiece, of mesh veiling, with a pattern border. You put them right over the top of your hat and they fall in the most becoming waves just to the shoulder. I can't rest till I own one myself."

So Mary stopped with Angelina and liked the new veils as much as she did. Each purchased one in white and one in black and then Mary added a blue to her selection and Angelina a taupe. After which, with empty purses, they proceeded to the Jewelry Fashion Exhibit and opened round eyes over the beauty of the new jewelry.

"Do you notice how much of this combination jewelry there is," said Mary. "An economy note, I suppose. Look at this stunning bracelet, so-called, of diamonds and cabochon emeralds! Isn't it a beauty, with its wide irregular shape? The catalog says it can be worn as a corsage ornament, or a necklet, or a hair bandeau. See, there are clasp pins underneath at the ends, to fasten it to your dress, or a velvet ribbon, I suppose, if you're wearing it round the neck, or across your forehead."

"And then you can take out the centre part with the largest cabochon emerald," finished up Angelina, "and set it in that little silver frame, and wear it as a brooch. Isn't it marvelous? I'd call it 'the Cleopatra-infinite-variety piece,' if I were the jewelers."

* * *

"Do you notice also," chanted Mary, "how much green gold is used, especially for men's jewelry and for mesh bags? I think those tiny white leaves that seem to have strayed in among the gold leaves in the mounting of the jade and seed pearl set are of white gold. I'm glad they're going to use that in settings as it's much less expensive than platinum and not so cold-looking."

"Yes, and see how many semi-precious stones there are," from Angelina, "a lot of tourmaline and aquamarine rings and several cameo brooches. And several of the settings look as if the manufacturers had taken a tip from the hand-wrought jewelry and were going to give us more individuality."

Angelina and Mary bobbed over the cases in excited chatter. And after having exhausted every possible piece of jewelry down to its smallest stone, and having been served tea by a charming hostess from "mirror" lustre cups finally tore themselves away.

"What a heavenly afternoon," exclaimed Angelina. "I'm so glad to have something to put over on Mother. I knew my luck would change if I walked down Madison," she finished irrelevantly.

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